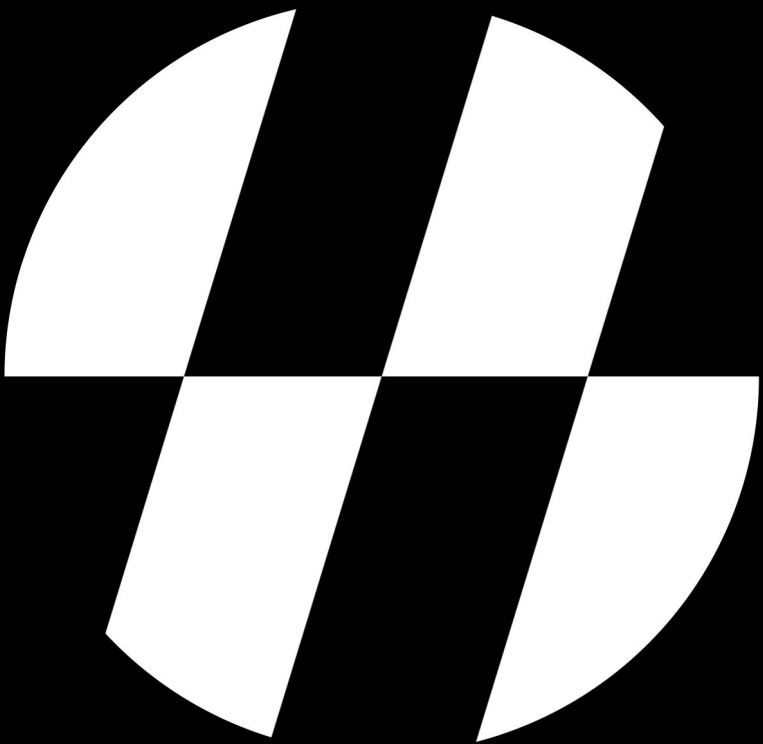

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Ideology

Vol. 1 – 4

transcribed by þ

Midwinter

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Editor's Preface

The following texts are transcribed from scans of *SS Ideology Vol. 1* through *4* by Karl Hammer, dated 1988 to 1994. The scans are watermarked with WWW.THULE-ITALIA.ORG; presumably the originators of the scans themselves. No physical copies have been located, nor have any higher quality scans.

The texts are presented in the chronological order of publishing, rather than in the order published by Karl Hammer. In the Table of Content, each text is provided with a reference to the Karl Hammer Volume it was transcribed from, as well as a reference to the German text Karl Hammer sourced it from (where available).

Titles have been added to some sections that were missing it, for ease of reference. Umlauts are rendered with an e after the given vowel. Obvious spelling errors have been corrected where found, and some guesswork has had to be performed to decipher some of the pixelated words of the scans. A big thank you to the anonymous friends whose eyes helped pierce the pixels when mine failed. A few clunky phrases have been altered slightly without changing their meaning. The word “Weihnacht” (lit. *holy night*) has been re-translated from Karl Hammer’s “Christmas” to the word “Yule”.

Artwork and illustrations have been completely omitted, both due to the poor quality of the scan, and also to make the document more easily printable.

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Introduction

"Just as the knowledge of the orbit of the earth around the sun led to a fundamental transformation of the general view of the world, so will the National Socialist movement, based on the teachings of blood and race, result in a transformation of knowledge and hence of the view of the history of man's past and future."

- Adolf Hitler

This knowledge of the fateful significance of the natural laws of blood and race forms the basic idea of the SS. It is an order of select Nordic men along with their clans.

With the help of the laws it itself chooses, the SS wants to make a living contribution to the triumph of the blood-idea in Europe. It wants to preserve and set as an example the highest virtues such as loyalty, courage, comradeship and noble mind. It is a team which, in Germanic loyalty of the following, is unconditionally devoted to the Fuehrer.

The SS is the guardian of the inner security of the Reich and the hardest combat troop against the external

enemy. The present struggle is aimed against the life-threatening forces of international Jewry, its ally World Bolshevism and also the Jew-dependent, greedy, English rule of money and freemasonry.

The goal of the present, tumultuous conflict is the formation of a natural and thus enduring New Order of Europe. This New Order has been taken up by the Reich, which is based on the greater Germanic development, in close collaboration with brave allies.

Europe, however, should find the enduring foundation for a splendid future in the active community of fate of the Germanic folks. The SS fights for this noble cause. And so, in the SS of the Fuehrer are assembled for battle - next to Reich-German SS men - ethnic Germans from all parts of the world, especially from Romania and the rest of southeastern Europe.

For the first time volunteers from Flanders, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Finland and Sweden also fight together with Reich-German SS men.

The Task of the "Germanische Leithefte"

…should be to constantly propound the great and common line of the SS to these comrades from neighboring Germanic lands, and furthermore to publicize the great goals and principles of the SS in the homeland of these men. This publication should present a clear expression of the SS spirit common to all Germanic people. It will thus be a constant call for all who are sure enough of themselves to become followers of the hardest and strongest order in Germanic history.

Our Reichsfuehrer

From a speech of the Reichsfuehrer-SS Heinrich Himmler
1935

The SS has been formed by the Fuehrer's order in the newly resurrected German folk.

Every description of organization, task and expansion of the SS can not be understood unless one seeks to comprehend them innerly with his blood and his heart. *It can not be explained why we, so few in number, have this strength within us.*

It can not be analyzed with logic why today each of us who wears the black uniform, regardless of where he is, is carried by the strength of this our community - be it that he sits on the mount of the race horse or duels in the stadium, be it that he serves as an official, or be it that he rules in high government office or does his duty as a soldier, or be it that he studies the works of the German spirit of our kind - each, perhaps unseen, must stand his ground as a man.

Each knows *that he does not stand alone, rather that this unprecedented strength of a few hundred thousand men who are sworn together* bestows on him immeasurable strength, just as he knows that, as a

representative of this black corps of his community, he must do it honor through his best accomplishments.

So we are assembled and march according to inflexible laws as a National Socialist, martial order of select men and as a sworn community of their clans along the path into a far future; we wish and believe that we do not want to only be the grandchildren who fought it out better, rather beyond that the ancestors of far-distant generations necessary for the eternal life of the German-Germanic folk.

Europe will again become Healthy

We humans live in a world in which all becoming, living, maturing, and passing proceeds according to unbending, godly laws of nature. Subservient to them are the stars, heavens and earth, sea and stones, as well as the life of plants and animals.

Nobody in possession of his five faculties doubts that human life also runs according to the same laws. So, too, are the differences between humans determined by the laws of *heredity*.

In a healthy, naturally-feeling community, for example in peasant life, the sickly is prevented from procreating, and the healthy bonds itself again with the healthy. Only the big city life, estranged from nature, or *economic considerations*, unfortunately cause many a healthy person to enter marriage with a sickly one.

Then, however, nature avenges itself for the nonobservance of its laws: the offspring can become sickly or carry within themselves a tendency towards sickness.

The peasant who still lives bound to nature has always known that, in every species of animal and plant, lines and races must be distinguished, which can not be

indiscriminately interbred. That would destroy the breed. Among humans there are likewise various races. Originally our ancestors respected these barriers, created by the creator. Later certain spiritual and political tendencies gradually suppressed the feeling for natural differences among humans. “Everything is the same which has a human face”, that is what they said at the time of the French Revolution. Liberalism, Marxist-Socialism and Communism - those are the milestones in the decay of a Europe misled by Jewry. For the Bolshevist, racial differences are just prejudices which must be overcome. All of that, however, is a human deviation from the godly laws of nature: a disloyalty towards one’s own blood, which must have the most serious consequences for folk health and culture. Physical damage, psychological disorder and character inferiority are often the scientifically proven consequences of undesirable race-mixing.

These spiritual, or better said anti-spiritual, tendencies come from racially alien and perverted minds. These teachings do not proceed from the laws of nature at all. In opposition to them, National Socialism does not seek to construct another humanistic creed, rather it seeks to first of all clearly recognize the natural order created by god. Only this knowledge makes it possible to again lead

the misled human back to the natural and hence healthy way of life. Therefore National Socialism respects the nature-given differences between the races. And it recognizes natural barriers.

So a National Socialist also views a future Europe completely differently than a liberal would. Every National Socialist would instinctively reject a *pan-Europe* of the American kind. The USA is a mishmash of folks and races. In Europe the various folks have in the course of their development taken on diverse folk characters, because other European races have also blended together - in diverse proportions in the various parts of Germany and its neighbors. All of them have *in common*, however, a more or less large portion of Nordic blood.

This Nordic blood component is thus that which binds the European folks. A closer union of the Germanic folks is hence not only possible, but also nature-given. The more or less Nordic blood present in the other European folks is primarily of Germanic origin.

If Europe thus does not want to lose its uniqueness, then, above all, the dominion of the Nordic race must be secured. The Nordic race, however, has suffered the most by the development of civilization in the last few centuries. So has the Nordic race in part nearly ceased to perpetuate itself in the large cities. This valuable race

represented and represents not only in the German, but also in all other European folks, the leading segment. This fact is especially significant, because the portion of its blood finds itself in steady decline.

The former, so-called European civilization has likewise had a harmful effect on the health of the folks. The sickly, weak and untalented are promoted with every resource, while the healthy has therefore often had to suffer under the worst social injustice. In nature, the sickly and weak are automatically purged and only the strong and healthy come to procreate. Among so-called cultured people, who have created an unnatural environment in their civilization, this “natural selection” is missing.

This is where the measures of National Socialism come into play. In the final hour, they prevent that the white race perishes in the foreseeable future. Let us designate the racially good and physically and spiritually healthy portion of a folk with the comprehensive concept “healthy Germanic blood”; so all measures of National Socialism which promote this portion are called “measures for the promotion of the healthy Germanic blood”. These measures in National Socialist Germany take two directions: first they prevent the harmful, and second they promote the beneficial.

The National Socialist marriage law provides for the presentation of marriage documents before marriage. In this manner can, for the best of the folks, the marriage of the healthy with the congenitally ill or the healthy with people with contagious diseases be prevented. The offering of very favorable, interest-free marriage loans, on the other hand, eases the marriage of the healthy.

These just mentioned measures of the National Socialist state, however, were always preceded, often by many years, by similar measures of the SS.

The SS man is selected and educated in such a a way that he will not mix with racially alien or congenitally ill blood even without these laws.

But in other areas, too, does the SS set a good example by going along new paths in advance. The SS promotes the return of man to natural living conditions through countless minor measures, for example: promotion of building of one-family homes, physical education and exercise, return of valuable families to the land by promoting new peasantry etc… The SS shows, through the laws of its order and its example, the path along which a strengthening of the Nordic blood portion can be achieved. Similar orders have already existed, scattered throughout history, for example the Joms Vikings of the Baltic Sea, the German Teutonic Knights in Eastern and

Western Prussia etc… These orders, too, only accepted valuable, fighting men, and their accomplishments were correspondingly spectacular. But they had one lacking: they limited their laws to males. So their valuable blood was *not* consciously cared for. But that is what it comes down to in the final analysis, namely that a folk, for the sake of its future, not only preserves its supply of *valuable* blood, but also increases it.

The Reichsfuehrer SS, therefore, already during the difficult period of struggle in 1931, gave to the SS its memorial "Engagement and Marriage Order". In it the SS man is given the duty to select his wife according to the same guidelines with which he was accepted into the SS. The wife is then taken into the SS clan. There she is obligated to the same principles as her husband himself. She hence enjoys the same honor and the same high esteem.

Hence the SS stands at the forefront in the struggle for the preservation and strengthening of the Germanic blood and shows the path into a future of healthy folk strength and cultural blossoming. The former, creative working of the SS for these ideas of blood has been recognized by the Fuehrer in that he has entrusted to the Reichsfuehrer SS the solidification of the German folk.

From this observance of the National Socialist laws of blood and race grows an order which for all time will secure not only the protection of the Reich, but will also pave the way ahead in all important questions of human life. It becomes the guardian of the European community of fate. But especially the Germanic folks are bound by this SS order through their common blood. With pride should our children's children one day say of us:

"You have laid the foundation for the Reich of our race!"

When I today travel through Germany and everywhere see the children, our little blond youth, I then recognize the purpose of our movement: reaching from the present forward into the German future.

- Adolf Hitler

The Flow of Heredity

Johann Sebastian Back, the great composer of Leipzig, played the organ with great mastery in the Garnisonkirche in Potsdam for Frederick the Great and his invited guests. Bach poured out his soul like an unfathomable sea.

“What is eternal, godly music, master! How did you acquire the grace?”

“My great-great-grandfather was a master baker and a musician, my great-grandfather was a tapestry-maker and a musician, my grandfather was the city piper in Weimar, my father was a musician of the court and city of Eisenach, and my uncle the city organist in the same city. For almost 300 years musicians with then name Bach have lived in Thuringia and Saxony. So this trait was always passed along.”

Aud and Delilah

It was in the time when the Norwegians settled Iceland and experienced their heroic era. That was about one thousand years ago. There lived a man in the northwestern part of the island by the name of Gisli, who was an admirable man. But he was despised by powerful people who envied him, and so he wandered around without peace. His wife, Aud, stayed with him in his great need and cared for him with endless loyalty. Gisli's enemies, however, wanted to catch him, so they tried it through trickery.

Their leader went to Aud and said: "I want to make a deal with you. Aud, tell me where Gisli is, and I will give you 300 marks of silver. In addition, I will arrange a marriage for you which is better than your present one."

She answered thusly: "The most improbably thing, it seems to me, is that you arrange a marriage for me as good as my present one. But it is true: gold is a widow's best comfort, as they say. Let me see if your money is as plentiful and as good as you say."

So he poured the money into her lap. She played with it with her hand, but he counted it and showed it to her. Gudrid, her foster-daughter, started to cry.

Gudrid went outside and ran to Gisli and said to him: “My foster-mother has now lost her reason and wants to betray you!” Gisli said: “Comfort yourself, as long as death threatens me only from Aud, I need not fear for my life.”

Then the girl went home and did not say where she had been.

Eyjolf had counted out the money. Aud said: “Your money is in no way less or worse than you have said; now will you allow me to do with it whatever I desire?” Eyjolf gladly accepted that and said she could do with it as she desired.

Aud took the money and put it into a large bag. Then she stood up and struck Eyjolf on the nose with the bag of silver so hard he was immediately covered in blood. She added: “Take that for your credulity! And every misfortune as well! Did you believe I would sell my husband to a scoundrel like you? Take that and insult and shame, too! For your whole life you should remember, you rascal, that a woman has struck you - and that you did not even accomplish what you wanted to!”

…And the men had to retreat in shame… (Thule, volume VIII)

And there was a man in Israel, Samson, who had incredible strength. The Philistines hated him and tried to kill him. Since they were not successful that way, they tried it through trickery. They went to his mistress, named Delilah, and said to her: “Convince him to betray to you the secret of his great strength. We will then give you 1000 and 100 silver pieces, each one of us!”

And Delilah went to her man and tried to unlock the secret of his strength, for the money attracted her very much. Three times he evaded her, but finally he revealed everything to her, because he loved her very much. He said: “The hair on my head has never been cut. If it were cut, I would become as weak as any other man.”

When she knew the secret she betrayed it to his enemies. They came in the night as he trustingly slept. They cut his hair off and seized him, stabbed his eyes out, and led him off to prison.

Aud and Delilah - two worlds!

Rieke Gehrmann

Based on a Poem by Ruth Geede

When Rieke Gehrmann had been married only a shirt time, one night in the autumn her and her husband's barn caught on fire. One could see the conflagration from three miles away, but as the farm animals bellowed, one could hear Rieke Gehrmann's ever optimistic voice to her family: "What are you complaining about? Our house is still standing, is it not?"

When, a year later, cattle disease and therewith great calamity struck the entire region, Rieke Gehrmann bore her first son. Many of her prize animals lost their lives, but she was still able to comfort her husband: "It is indeed a bad blow, but after all, we still have our son."

When Rieke Gehrmann had been married for twelve years, all the while attacking her work on the farm year in and year out with the same indomitable spirit, the barn having long since been rebuilt, she said to her city cousins: "Relax? Retire? Give up? Never! I have seven sons who clamor to be raised!"

War came when Rieke Gehrmann was forty. Three of her sons had become casualties on foreign battlefields, but, ever proud and brave, she said to one and all: "My

sons died the best death that any man can die - fighting for their Fuehrer and their folk."

When Rieke Gehrmann became fifty, her husband died, with whom she had shared so much joy and sorrow through the years. He had, however, become too old and sick to work, and his passing seemed to her as equally a part of the cosmic cycle as all the other events of life, and she bore her aloneness with fortitude and faith in the future.

Inevitably there came a time in which city and industry exercised their tempting wiles, causing many a lad from the land to forsake farmstead and plow as a way of life. But Rieke Gehrmann succeeded in retaining and recreating for her boys a home where real values were loved and cultivated. As a result, all of her surviving sons became farmers like their father.

Even when Rieke Gehrmann's features began to wrinkle and fade from a hard but rich life of work on the farm, she still exhibited the cheerfulness of heart which any grandmother feels for a homestead of well-bred and promising children. And as they became old enough to help out with the chores, Rieke Gehrmann was able to find more and more time to share of her wisdom with the rising generation in her home.

One day, however, even Rieke Gehrmann's life came to and end, and, in dying, she spoke to her sons: "Gold and silver, boys, you will not inherit, since my entire life effort and all my investment were put in you and in the farmstead. I am so sorry…" And as her voice began to fade, her eldest son came forward, and, watering her hand with his tears, proclaimed: "Mother, your whole life was for us and we are proud of what you accomplished. Your blood - that is our real inheritance. So we, your faithful sons, will also do our duty to carry on your immortal work." These words were Rieke Gehrmann's last joy.

A Hero of the Battle of Jutland

The battle is over. The fountains of water collapse, thick clouds of smoke glide over the surface of the water. The last waves of the armored colossus of 25,000 tons roll through the sea, which has been whipped up by shells.

One sees the destruction of the battle: The “Luetzow” lies with the bow deep in the water; the “Seydlitz” is listing, the paint burns on the outboard, and from the smokestack huge, violent flames constantly shoot upward as high as the mast. On the “Seydlitz” a shell had blown out a large sheet of armor from the back turret. This red-hit, glowing metal then fell into the turret onto the cartridges, which caught fire and blazed. The heat is incredible. All the oxygen in the deep turret has been consumed and everyone there is dead.

The flames are burning down from the seventh deck into the sixth. The cartridges in the storage rooms on the sixth floor also catch fire.

Thick columns of smoke! Everything is white-hot! An order comes through the voice-tube and telephone from the command deck: flood the munition rooms! If the fire

reach the munition rooms, the entire ship will go sky high! No answer. Everyone is dead! The fire reaches the fifth deck. The same flames create such a heat that the steel walls start to glow. Again the orders are sent down: “Flood! Flood!” Everyone on the ship knows: if the fire reaches the munition rooms, the “Seydlitz” will fly into pieces. Everyone asks: Have the munition rooms been flooded?

“No, there is no answer!” Now 1400 men stand in sealed off rooms, each awaiting the moment when the munition rooms will explode and they will be blown into atoms. No one dares to leave his station; these are the seconds and minutes of the most terrible anxiety! Then the pump-man Mueller comes. He knows there is a reserve flood valve on the aft armored deck.

As he stands in front of the armored deck, he sees that it is glowing hot. Next to him are five sailors and boilermen, who want to risk the same step: “We can not get across, the armored deck is glowing hot!” And the pump-man sees that the deck is indeed glowing hot. He knows their fate will be decided in seconds.

Next to him is the boilerman with wooden slippers: “Give me your wooden slippers!” The pump-man Mueller pulls them over his shoes and hurries across the armored deck.

The shoes catch of fire. He stands in front of the flood valve. He wants to open the last valve which will flood the munition rooms - the final salvation of the ship - a single grasp! 1400 men wait for this grasp, which will decide life and death. The pump-man Mueller stares at the flood valve and sees: it is glowing hot!

And he says to himself: You still stand on the “Seydlitz”, 1400 comrades are still alive beneath you, you must save them, you must risk the grasp onto the red-hot valve! The pump-man Mueller - first he screamed, the he grabbed tight and turned - then he grabbed it again and turned it some more until his naked fingers literally cooked.

The pump-man Mueller had saved the “Seydlitz” and 1400 German comrades!

The Leader of the Danish National Socialist Workers' Party:

Under Adolf Hitler's Leadership

by Frits Clausen

When the peace bells rang after the first great war, the powerful drive for life, which had been held back so many years by the war, again awoke in the folks.

Now everything that had been missed because of the war was supposed to be made up for, now everything that it had destroyed was supposed to be rebuilt. A happy future should enable the memory of its horrors to be forgotten, and a joyous affirmation of life should dry the tears of suffering. But it seemed as if - together with the many brave and capable men, whom the war had swept away, and with the many strong women, whom it had broken - all the strength that should have formed this future had also perished.

The youth, who had dreamed of being allowed to show their strength, now instead had to experience the misery of unemployment. The men who strove to expand home and workplace had to recognize that employment and wage had already been mortgaged, and that they themselves had to pay that mortgage. The old and sickly, who had hoped for the support and help of the youth and of the strong men, had to beg in order to starve of deprivation and need.

The bloodletting of the war was continued in bloody revolts and fighting, in which countryman stood against countryman. New hatred and new hostility grew among the people. The denying and destroying forces, which had made themselves masters during the war, did not lose their mastery even after its end.

The dream of happiness changed into a restless hunt for profit. The yearnings for a mighty future had to make way for the demands of the day. An unfeeling, life-denying money-power had put a stranglehold on the people and created out of life-affirmation life-weariness, so that constantly growing numbers of people voluntarily ended their life. The unfeeling money-power bred a likewise unfeeling and life-denying generation, which - instead of fixing their gaze across the deep sea of eternity and endlessness - fixed it on the worldly finite and earth-bound and hence broke the bridge that bound them, through the eternal *chain of generations*, with *eternity*.

With blind frivolity and in irresponsible indifference, the folks of Europe approached their decline and annihilation. That did not only happen in those countries which had participated in the bloody conflict, it not only occurred among the folks who had been defeated, rather also among those who had not participated in the struggle at all.

The responsible heads of state and leading politicians did not want to see and break with a development in which the denying and destroying forces everywhere possessed the dominant influence. They faced all the anti-life and subversive efforts without feeling or action.

The rulers only strove to give the impression of their own indispensability by participating in the many international congresses and conferences which marked the postwar period, or by visiting the many useless parliamentary negotiations. And while these parliamentary negotiations were still in process, the denying forces made themselves the unlimited masters in one of the largest and richest countries in the world. Over mountains of corpses and indescribable misery, they made into reality the words of Friedrich Engels, that “general destruction is the first prerequisite for the world revolution”.

From the empire whose basic form had once been created by the Nordic Viking spirit, they again and again declared as their goal their desire the extinguish and destroy all that this spirit and the other formative forces of the world had created. From here, they directed the growth of the communist parties of all countries, which, as they themselves informed the world during their world congress in the year 1928, were only sections of a great, world-encompassing communist party.

Here they organized the Red Army, whose task it was to violently wipe out the uniqueness of the folks, and everything which had been created in the way of values by this uniqueness in the various countries.

And one even received their messengers in these countries, and one enabled heads of state to shake the hands of these messengers, which were still red with the blood of the nearest relatives of these heads of state.

But just as Europe's leading man faced this development, blinded and irresponsible, so did forces arise in all countries which rebelled against them. Many of the names of those who tried to change this development have been forgotten, and many were never know; for their attempts to fight off the destruction became stranded too early or took false paths.

So was final victory denied to the victorious German free corps, because the then democratic-Marxist Reich government - giving in to the pressure of the world democracies - forced them to abandon their fight.

A mighty resistance arose in Italy, where the corporal Benito Mussolini, who had been severely wounded in the world war, built up the fascist movement for the fight against the collapse.

At a time when the communist Red Republic had already been declared in southern Germany and Hungary and Soviet rule appeared to have been fully secured in

Russia, he assembled his fascist battle formations and led them to Rome, where he was named Minister-President of Italy by the king. During the reconstruction of a strong and energetic state-power, Mussolini was able to gather in his folk from the many parties and chasms which had torn it apart. His goal was to again awaken the strong state-building forces of the great ancient Rome. He saw the collaboration between world capital and Marxism and its effects in the great secret lodges of freemasonry.

In Germany, Adolf Hitler fought against the same enemies and their common Jewish source. He proceeded from the idea that the life-content of the folks must be regenerated.

He gave the German folk the task of reflecting on its original strength.

He awakened this strength in a society whose major strengths had already been deeply buried by the forces of subversion… in a folk in which everyone already stood against everyone else… in a state whose foundations had already been shaken by an imminent communist revolution. The folk-strength newly awakened by him was so strong that it not only beat down the subversive forces in his own folk, rather it could also annihilate them everywhere where they threatened Germany and Europe from other countries.

When General Franco called awake these forces in the Spanish folk in the year 1936 in order to halt the communist destruction and red murder which plagued the land, it was Adolf Hitler's Condor Legion which, together with Spanish and Italian allies, could secure victory. Adolf Hitler did not only awaken his folk to become conscious of the necessity of a solution to the many demands of the time; he led it to a recognition of the eternal demands of life. He again awakened in his folk the dream and yearning to strive out across time and space; he awoke the will to give form to this life-view inside of time and space. He knew how closely man is bound to his clan, and how the certainty lies precisely here to be able to build a bridge into the future. He knew that this recognition of the great miracle of blood-relation and heredity leads to insight into that godly law which determines life and that is the highest expression of every human community.

Through this recognition Adolf Hitler's calling has grown far beyond a merely German mission; he is far more than only the protector of European lands in the general sense. He is the great discoverer and architect of the European folks, and not least of all of those folks whose close relation by blood to his own folk he himself so often strongly stressed.

So his mission is also valid for Denmark. The development in Denmark does not vary in the least from the one in other European countries, and if Denmark belongs to those countries which during the First World War made money, so was the postwar period here, too, given its stamp by unemployment, economic crises, with their bankruptcies and forced auctions, social need, growing crime and suicide, and a declining birthrate.

In this country, too, did one try to dam this development. One tried to change the laws in that one set up new political parties, whose goals and paths, however, have been forgotten; one tried to break the old parties; but the men who undertook this died in poverty and forgotten.

One created movements and prepared massive transformations of state, without being able, however, to eliminate the denying and destroying forces, and without being able to prevent that the same destruction befell Denmark that had been planned for the European folks, if Adolf Hitler had not beaten these forces down.

If Denmark, however, again experienced a national awakening, then it is not to be ascribed solely to the external defense - which Adolf Hitler has created for us, too, against the forces of destruction - rather to this great mission to show our folk, too, the path to the collection of its original values.

He is for our time, too, the only conceivable force which can form an Odin figure in Denmark out of Ymir's dead body, so that both, spirit and will, can find a common expression in an available figure. He has not only shown us Danes that path back to the subline life-view of the heroic era, rather he has led our youth to a new struggle against the world enemy on that war theater where we were once given our national symbol, the Dannebrog, by the mighty forces of heaven. He also awakened the faith in us that once again beautiful works of art and architecture may emerge similar to those which still attest to the striving of our folk across space and to its dream across time - in contrast to those life-denying and dead monstrosities produced in our empty time.

Through this great life-effort alone can we Danes again reach that straight, joyous and active life here on earth of which Grundtvig sings, and again walk in the upright stride of our noble fathers, again live with the same value in castle and hut, and again see with eyes which were created to gaze skyward, awake for everything beautiful and great down here, and nonetheless intimate with deep yearning and filled with the splendour of eternity.

The great Norwegian poet Henrik Ibsen wrote to his friend, the Schleswig-Holstein writer Strodtmann, about the inner bound of Scandinavia with the newly arisen German Reich:

"I view Scandinavian humanity only as an intermediate stage toward a union of the entire, great Germanic tribe."

"If I thought that we would, after all, stand still with an isolated Scandinavian society, then I would never again put my pen to ink to promote this thing."

Turn of Season, Turn of Fate

Flame burns to flame, until it burns out,
Fire receives life as a fire-seed –
Man, too, passes on the spark.
The folk-flame never goes out.

- From *the Edda*

For millions and millions of years our planet has been orbiting around the sun, around the mother of all life on our earth.

But only through the seeing, seeking and understanding spirit of Nordic man did the noble, eternal order of the solar system enter the consciousness of humanity.

In the summer and winter solstices, they recognized the merciless law of “die and become”, and affirmed it with defiant acceptance.

Sundays were their feast days, but solstice was holy to them. In the nights of the summer solstice they ignited fires on the heights as a sign of the life-will and creative-will opposed to the forces of night and denial.

For them winter solstice - with the constantly returning light - was a symbol of the eternity of struggling life.

So they ordered their life within the framework of the godly order. In this faith they wore the sun-sign, the swastika, as their holy symbol.

With this faith and under this sign, the Indo-Germanic people entered into the light of history 5,000 years ago.

Wherever they went on their far journeys, chaos retreated before order, the land blossomed and fruitfulness and harvest blessed their path.

Whether they penetrated into the far steppes of northern Russia as torch-bearers of human order or formed states in Asia, whether they sang the most beautiful songs for the light as Aryan Persians, or as Hellenics lit the Olympic fire, whether they celebrated the festival of the invincible man in the Roman senate and from here create a world-wide empire; where their fires burned there was a turn of fate from dark night into clear day.

“Man, too, passes on the spark. The folk-flame never goes out.”

Young Folks carried on the ancient custom of the solstice fire along their path, generation after generation, as bearers of holy order and of the light of culture.

The Germanic people enter history.

Cimbrians and Teutons, Vandals and Swabians, and many other Germanic tribes introduce a new, shining era during the time of the acquisition of new land.

In a struggle of well over a thousand years, the building Germanic man struggles against disorder and against the forces of destruction in Europe.

His native peasant-strength creates out of swamp and primeval forest the richness of Europe's fields. From the spiritual strength of the creative Germanic man springs above all the height of European culture. But only the heroic greatness of Germanic warriordom *defends* Europe's life-community in the decisive battles against the constantly attacking nomadic folk-masses of Near and Central Asia.

Loyal to this fateful tradition, the strongest and most unified fielded force of Nordic-Germanic humanity, *the Reich*, today leads the merciless fight of existence for Europe's life.

Under the strong leadership of the Duce, Italy covers the southern flank of the continent in stubborn battle: for today the forces of darkness have again stood up against the bearers of the culture-will of humanity.

Struck with blindness, the Anglo-Saxon plutocracy by its dance around the golden Calf betrays the honor of its own Germanic blood.

Corrupted by the poison of Jewish Bolshevism, masses of millions of Soviets fight a bitter battle for a world revolution, for the revolt of the inferior.

With the severity of the laws of nature, the power of light is called to the decision against the terrors of eternal night.

Day or night –
Life or death –

With blazing flames did our ancestors affirm the power of light, and life.

And blaze, too, should the flames of us, their descendants.

Summer Solstice 1941!

Never before in history has such a massive military force assembled at the solstice for the fateful battle as the clear night of June 21/22, 1941.

Holy seriousness gripped all who recognized what it was about: existence or nonexistence of Aryan blood and hence of European culture itself. From the Arctic Sea to the Black Sea, the columns of the German and its allied armies smashed into the enemy masses. The horrible picture of the mortal danger which threatened the folks of Europe became visible:

Enormous hostile masses in countless Soviet armies, with a gigantic arsenal of weapons, were ready for the lunge into Europe's heartlands, when the blows of the German armed forces struck them.

After the first victorious battles of Bialystok and Minsk, of Salla, Smolensk and in the Ukraine were fought, the shocking knowledge was clear that the world had never before seen such a thing.

What had been massed against the Reich and Europe was an enormous gang of bloodthirsty and inferior - but stubborn - creatures.

If the Huns and horsemen of Genghis Khan were the scourge of humanity which swept across Europe, then in *this* struggle Europe's heroic youth looked into the insidious gaze of a *systematically brutalized and animalized monstrosity*.

Russia, you good and beautiful land, in such hands!

Four times in history was the attempt made to integrate this large country into the sphere of European culture.

The first culture-bringers were the Indo-Germanic people. Their creative working is attested even today by their Nordic buildings (stone mounds), and they survive in their burial mounds as an eternal monument.

But their strength was not sufficient to settle down the wild folk-masses in the enormous space.

Thousands of years later, in the second century B.C., new new messengers of European morality and culture penetrated into the area between Dieper and Dniester.

They were Germanic people from the folk-family of the Goths.

Again the Germanic landholders and warriors conquered the unculture of the wide land. In an effort of many centuries they expanded the great empire of the Goths from the Baltic Sea to the shores of the Black and

Caspian Seas, with its widely dispersed, independent centers of settlement.

The land seemed to have been won for the European life-community.

In this period, however, the race-mixing in the Roman world empire had already taken on threatening forms.

And again, the Germanic people were not numerically strong enough - and not sufficiently conscious of the possibilities of their combined strength - to simultaneously advance against Rome and to cover their eastern flank against Asia's folk-masses.

So this Gothic empire fell victim to the assault of the Huns in the fourth century.

Night and deep silence again fell over this wide land.

Centuries passed.

Then, however, the Nordic fire-spirit drove new tribes to significant creation.

Even before the end of the time of the great, Germanic acquisition of new land, around 860, Vikings from the north penetrated into the unredeemed land and created a Viking state.

Nowgorod and Kiev became the capitals of this empire and economic centers of the greatest importance. The fields again bore fruit, agriculture and trade flourished.

The rich lands of the east and Near Asia, and the European lands, complemented themselves in intense trade in this natural living space.

However, a new storm of destruction was brewing in the distant grey of the wide steppes of Asia:

Genghis Khan expanded his mighty Mongolian empire from the Pacific Ocean to Silesia. In 1224 Kiev was conquered. And when his armies marched towards the south and west, the light of this promising creation of the Vikings was extinguished.

The remnants of its blood were absorbed into the Slavic population. Centuries long the land again slept in the twilight of culturelessness.

Around 1700 the Russian nobleman and later Czar, Peter the Great, made the attempt to rule Russia in European fashion. But with the numerically much too small creative force of the Germans from the Baltic and also from Sweden, it was, of course, in the long run impossible to give this giant country a firm leadership state.

The attempt lasted two centuries. But this state remained a dead facade. Behind it was hidden the formlessness of dozens of ethnic groups, which had been scrambled together in a colorful mixture during the folk wanderings from Asia towards Europe.

This folk-mixture, afflicted with the wildness of the steppe-races, was throughout its history torn between culture and culturelessness, between discipline and undiscipline, and between humble piety and godlessness. That was the appropriate murder weapon for the eternal Jew against Europe's Aryan-Nordic humanity.

As a result of the blood sacrifice of the Russian ruling strata in the World War, the path for subhumanity and the Jews was open, and so Bolshevism could triumph in 1917.

The remaining Nordic blood was butchered, and the beginnings of European culture eliminated.

Many millions of people fell victim to this Jewish-Bolshevik[1] intoxication.

What then happened in Russia can only be illustrated with an animal example:

Our house pets emerged - more or less many generations ago - from wild animals by means of breeding measures.

If one lets them again become wild for several generations, or puts them in bad hands, they will in their wildness become even more torn and strange than they were in their natural wildness.

[1] a short illegible word resides between "Bolshevik" and "intoxication" in the Karl Hammer text.

According to this principle, under Jewish leadership, the Russian folks were intentionally whipped into the wildness of packs.

This was envisioned by the devilish demon of Jewry, a mighty pack of millions of Asiatics *made wild* should tear apart Europe's folks.

Only in a soulless world, deprived of Nordic-Germanic people, did Judea believe it possible to achieve this dark world mastery.

We have examples in the most recent time from the raped border states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

Starting in June 1940 the Soviets not only wiped out the entire Aryan ruling strata, murdering tens of thousands in the process, but in Lithuania and White Russia it also began, *directly on the border of the German Reich*, to settle Kirghiz, Kalmucks, Tartars and members of other nomadic tribes.

Europe was supposed to become nomadized, and its rich cultural landscape would, after a plundering assault, become a wilderness devoid of people.

More fatefully then ever before, Europe against stood before *the old task* of fighting back the forces of destruction.

Just as the folks of Europe during the great historical decisions of the past stood, under the leadership of

Germanic men, determined to defend against the common enemy, so march in these days, too, the best portion of Europe's youth at the side of the Reich towards a victory and a turn of fate.

Never before in history have the Germanic people possessed such a great leader as we today have the good fortune of having.

The goal of this struggle, however, is the final overcoming of the eternal danger from the east.

What the Indo-Germanic people, the Goths and Vikings could not achieve in the long run, that must now be brought to a decision and secured for all time.

More than a thousand years ago the Vikings created their orderly empire in the area around Nowgorod and Kiev, heroically and on their own.

In the same area fights today - with the same bravery and the in the framework of the German armed forces - a Germanic division which bears the name Viking with pride, for a European turn of fate.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of the Church of England, said in December 1936:

"I warn against the danger of godlessness. It is only too well known that in the Soviet Union a large human community is being devoured by an aggressive godlessness and by the anti-Christian teachings of class warfare. One must be alert in order to prevent this spirit from also penetrating the English folk."

At the end of July 1941:

"Mourning the sacrifice, I am deeply moved by the splendid bravery and strength of the Russian folk, which holds high the flag of civilization in the struggle against fascism. I am convinced of your eventual victory."

AUD

A Germanic Mistress

from the Gislasaga

Now Aud Vesteinstochter became the wife at Buehl and overtook the farm together with Asgerd. Sixty head of cattle stood in the stall. It did not take long before the people noticed that, of all the Icelandic women, she was surely the first when it came to care and capability. From her behavior one could recognize her cleverness and her industriousness, and her experience in many things.

But it was also shown that she never became arrogant. Above all other women, she was just and friendly toward her subordinates, and she was also generous.

Gisli Thorbjoernson often smiled unconsciously when he saw Aud at her work; he became warm and happy with the idea that she had become his wife. His marriage with her was a calm, warm life together, a mutual caring and creating for the strengthening of the clan.

Outwardly, one did not notice much of this deep bond: for Gisli and Aud were both sparing and reserved in their expressions of feeling, just as they had learned from their ancestors according to genuine Germanic manner.

“Putting hands on the lap means putting them in the wrong place!”, Aud often said as she laughed at her young maids. And the young maids blushed if Aud

caught them dreaming, and then they worked with double enthusiasm. At first this one or that one probably grumbled, but the grumbling soon stopped.

How could one not also work, when the wife herself set such as good example.

Aud arose long before daybreak to prepare curd and to bake bread.

There were many fellow lodgers at Buehl; all wanted to become full.

And how well did Aud Vesteinstochter know how to prepare food!

The little kitchen maid Hrefna willingly helped her.

Other chores came after the early work.

When the men appeared in the hall, there was already steaming meal porridge on the table, and the aroma of freshly baked bread filled with wide room.

Aud urged them to pitch in. Jokes flew back and forth.

Yes, there was a good spirit of mutual happiness at Buehl!

One took up the daily work joyfully, and every joyfully started task proceeds well.

The outside work was divided among the farm-hands, but in the home Aud and Asgerd watched over the tasks of the maids, the scrubbing and cleaning, baking bread and preparations of mead and food.

In summer the berries were picked and garden plants care for - in winter the women spun and weaved.

Beautiful, colorful clothing emerged from under Aud's skilled hands. Amazed, the others saw how she pulled gold thread after gold thread through the red silk of a festival dress. Sometimes she would direct her words at the maids and have them tell her about their homeland, about parents and siblings.

They got along well, the maids and their mistress. Often Hrefna and Thorgard and Vigdis spoke of how different it was a Bruehl since Aud Vesteinstochter managed and administered there as wife.

“Strength I expect from the man; he maintains the law’s dignity. But by grace alone does the woman rule.”

- Friedrich Schiller

Child and Marriage

by Friedrich Nietzsche

You are young and desire a child and marriage.

But I say to you: are you a man who should desire a child?

Are you a victor and self-overcomer,

The master of the senses, the ruler of your virtues?

So I ask you.

Or does the animal and lust speak from the desire?

Or loneliness? Or dissatisfaction with yourself?

I will that your victory and your freedom desire a child.

You should build a living monument in your victory and your liberation.

You should build beyond yourself. But first, to me you must yourself be built, square in body and soul.

You should procreate not only onward, but upward!

May the garden of marriage help you toward that.

[TITLE ADDED BY EDITOR]

German Thought

by Kurt Eggers

German thought does not erect unrealistic theories and hope for miracles, rather it values the man according to his importance to the community.

It measures the life of the individual against the life of the entirety of the folk.

It measures the present with the measure of the future present.

So does the value of the individual become small before the greatness of the community.

So does the value of personality become great in regard to its exemplary effect on the community.

A Father's Request

An SS office received the following letter from the father of a seriously wounded Dutch SS man:

"Middelburg, September 24, 1941"

"I hereby confirm receipt of - and thank you for - your letter of the 15th of this month. I can inform you that I have received a letter from my son in which he informed me that his left eye has been so damaged that he can no longer see with it."

"He is, however, cheerful and merry. Again and again I read in his letters that the price, which he has paid for his Fuehrer, is not too high. But I do notice in his letters *one* fear and *one* request: the fear of being declared unfit for duty. His wish is to continue to fight for Europe's regeneration."

"My son Hans has only *one* wish: not to be discharged, but to continue to do his duty somewhere as a *soldier*."

"Our wish would be to have Hans here on leave for a short time. The way our Hans is cut out, the worst thing that could happen to him would be to be discharged as unfit for duty. Therefore, I request you to do everything in order to prevent that."

From a Corp's Order of the Day

by the Commanding General

After one of the fierce battles on the northeastern front of Jelnja, the *Foerster* group of the 1./SS motorcycle battalion - which had the mission to guard the company's left flank - was found as follows:

The group leader, SS-Unterscharfuehrer *Foerster*, with his hand on the detonation-ring of the last hand grenade, shot in the head.

First rifleman, SS-Rottenfuehrer *Kialber*, with the machine gun still at his shoulder and a round in the barrel, shot in the head.

Second rifleman, SS-Sturmmann *Buschner*, and third rifleman, SS-Schuetze *Schyma*, dead in their fox-holes.

The solo messenger, SS-Sturmmann *Oldeboershuis*, kneeling dead at his machine with his hand on the steering wheel, falling in the moment when he was supposed to take the final message.

The driver, SS-Sturmmann *Schwenk*, dead in his foxhole.

Of the enemy, one only saw dead - laying in a half circle around the group's position - within hand grenade range.

An example of the concept of “defense”! In reverence we stand before such heroism!

I have proposed that these names be published on the honor page of the German army.

Neutrality and Germanic Effort

"...and this I state clearly - I want to know and hear nothing of neutrality... if I come to a border, you must declare yourself cold or warm, for God fights against the devil here. If you want me to hold to God, then come to me. But if you prefer to hold to the devil, then you must certainly fight against me. Tertium non dabitur, there is no third option, that is sure. What kind of a thing is that - neutrality? I do not understand it."

- Gustav II. Adolf, King of Sweden, to Georg Wilhelm of Brandenburg, in the year 1630.

In these weeks and months Europe's destiny for all future is being decided. Germanic volunteers with healthy instinct from the Germanic lands of our continent have decided to fight on the side of the Reich. Beyond that, entire folks have courageously assembled for the struggle for Europe, even those who are not directly related by blood to the German folk, but who are closely bound to it as neighbors or through a common history.

On the other side, there were and are states whose position was not initially clear. They called and call themselves "neutrals".

In the course of time it became clear that even the colorless attitudes of these others was not entirely so neutral as it first appeared; for when it got serious, they decided in part *for* England and the Jews, hence *against* Europe and its New Order. The ruling plutocratic strata of these “neutral” folks never thought about really remaining neutral. They had already, long before the outbreak of the war, give nup their national sovereignty in that they first placed their territories at the disposal of the spiritual advance of the enemies of the Reich; i.e. they surrendered their news services, press and radio, and tolerated Allied espionage organizations on their “neutral” ground.

Honor, pride and independence - what did these things mean to them if only their full dishes were left intact! How proud, on the other hand, can those men and women be who, in defiance of all the persecutions, already back then affirmed the ideas of the new millennium in those lands!

But that which their ideological opponents there called neutrality, was at best self-deception. Usually, however, it was the attempt to cunningly deceive the Reich and their own folks. None of their wire-pullers believed in a long-term success of this illusory policy. For long before they got up their courage for “the difficult decision” - “for

their folk's sake" - to leave the country, their planes stood tanked and ready. This pitiful flight was merely the logical conclusion of their entire working, just like the occupation by the German military of the lands they had misled. So their abandoned folks in their need had to take the first step to understand their situation. That means they had to recognize that, with the help of their plutocrats, they had simply been drawn into the war plans of Great Britain as pawns. They had to further recognize that England only respected their independence and left the bread in their baskets as long as they were still useful as pawns. This recognition must have been bitter. As bitter as it always is when one must admit a fundamental error on which one had sought to build his entire existence.

Wide circles in the occupied "neutral" areas are still not inclined to even partially comprehend the situation. Why and what for this fruitless condition of stubborn peevishness? Because our enemies were able - on *one* regard - to *really* "neutralize" these folks. Namely, they took away their vision for their historical, Germanic origin, for their own dignity, for political reality and the genuine European relationship of power. In that they were helped in recent years by the Jewish emigrants from Germany. In union with them, they were able to

achieve a complete paralysis of political thought in the small democracies of Germanic origin: every unprejudiced, independent development of political opinion there was extinguished down to the smallest remnants. The in itself healthy desire for possessions, the healthy instinct for acquisition and prosperity, no longer meant just for the support of life, rather they were elevated to the content and purpose of life itself.

So honor and pride had to become stunted. Whoever in these lands, which prided themselves on the possession of “freedom and human rights”, took the freedom to think and act differently than the system, than “society” or than the masses, was boycotted and economically ruined. So the trader’s spirit arose and suffocated every memory of the heroic origins of the Germanic folks as well as the will for clear decision. One only lived for the day and stuck his head in the sand. Consequently, one did not even remotely believe that one day, and indeed in the near future, decisions would be demanded which one could not *talk away* or *buy off* with money.

That this spirit of laxity and dishonor did not completely infect the folks is proven by the brave men and women who already very early offered their possessions and their blood for the victory of the

National Socialism in their lands. Not least were these peasant circles, hence people who do not live like one-day insects, rather who are accustomed to looking across several generations, be it with plants, be it with the breeding of animals, or be it with themselves from hereditary farmstead to hereditary farmstead. These National Socialists not only spoke out that neutrality had never really existed in these lands, and that these lands had been bound to Great Britain. No, these National Socialists went farther: the spacial ties of their lands, the deeper insight into the historical connections and the genuine European relationship of power led them to the following recognition: Neutrality is in that moment morally impossible when a blood-related folk fights for the life of itself and of its brother-folks. According to this recognition thousands of volunteers from these Germanic lands neighboring the Reich then streamed to the front. Their blood, which flows for the common struggle, will one day indissolubly bind the Germanic states together again.

We, Germans and “neutrals”, must however reflect and try to imagine the following: How would it stand with the honor and the esteem of these “neutral” folks if these volunteers had *not* come from their ranks?! These volunteers have through their efforts and as the first

opened the gates of their lands to allow entrance of a new, great destiny. Through their clear stand for the Reich as the life-giving center of the continent, they have freed their folks from a centuries-long condition of isolation and feminization. These volunteers have taken care that the history of their lands will in the future be more than a history of the material enjoyment of life. The entirety of the “neutral” folks will one day - if they recognize this war as the decisive turning point in *their* life history, too - frankly admit that the heroism and the sense of sacrifice of their young sons was the greatest deed in their history in centuries.

To the First

From the first speech of the then commander of the I./SS Nordland to the first Danish volunteers of the battalion on June 25, 1940:

You Danish National Socialists see among yourselves and in Germany the same blood. Blood, race is stronger than language and ethnicity.

Language and ethnicity should live on, free and unconstrained, in a new Germanic-led Europe, but they should never again divide Germanic men or even make them into enemies.

This is the beginning of a new, great era.

You have understood this.

You want to fight along against the mortal enemies of the swastika, against the Jewry of the entire world and the many powers misled by it.

You are the first of the representatives of Northern Germania, who - to the honor of your folk - found the path to Germany, the champion in the struggle.

You have the pride and the honor to serve and to fight in his guard under the greatest man of all times, under Adolf Hitler!

One day children and grandchildren will say of you: “They belonged to the initially very few who had recognized what this world struggle was fought for, and *who did not betray Germanic brothers-blood with a cowardly neutrality.”*

Germanic Yearning

In every genuine, Germanic man the old Viking yearning is still alive today; the searching for the great adventure of life, the struggle for the sake of struggle. This desire for adventure drives the Germanic man to steer the ship of his life into the heights of dangerous existence in order to there challenge so-called fate to a duel. In the struggle with fate the heart proves how strong it is, and the soul of the warrior who has gone off to battle how much it is of Nordic blood.

One's own heart, to find one's own soul is hence the final purpose of this Germanic yearning. That which we bring back home from the journey into the great adventure is what we still today in our language call - experience!

One who has never set off into the great war of the earth will hence never come into possession of that experience which makes one more clever, more mature, and more strong. That is why Nordic man despises the "man behind the stove" why clings to a woman's skirt and who can never "return from far away".

Genuine desire for adventure is not to be confused with desire for booty. The true warrior does not

desecrate his heart for the sake of booty: to the victor fall of course the possessions of the defeated!

In the heroic songs of our Nordic race, no men are celebrated as examples of courageous life who achieve esteem on the basis of their possessions, rather precisely those who, with unconcern, risked the leap into the unknown, who took up battle, and who were able to weigh their heart.

The bearing with which they gave the decisive sword blow - or if they met a superior foe - received it, alone was worthy of interest.

The greatness of a man's heart was proven in defiance, in rebellious "Nonetheless" against the environment. And whoever was able to put the stamp of his will on the environment, even if in death, was a "hero". This ideal enabled Beethoven, at a time when deafness (the worst fate for a musician!) befell him more and more, to speak the rebellious and proud words:
I want to reach into fate's jaws!

The man who fights back, who dares to rebel against a condition which seeks to bend or break him, is master, not creation, of his fate.

The Germanic yearning for trial has given birth to the creative desire for adventure, from which the Vikings

undertook their - not destructive, but quite the opposite, culture-bringing and state-creating - war expeditions.

In the struggle for knowledge the Germanic researchers and discoverers, artists and scholars have created their magnificent works, without which there would today be no culture, no community life, no civilization.

The man of the North is driven to deed in order to prove his being, in order to develop his strengths. In this sense does he win his “eternity”,. For, so is it written in the *Edda*, “eternal alone are the famous deeds of the dead”! Without trial there is no possibility for a deed that proves value. Without dangerous effort, no confirmation of the genuineness of the beckoning yearning!

Whoever becomes and example to his comrades through a confirming deed, lives in their memory, remains unforgotten, possesses fame of deed and is hence “eternal”. The Germanic yearning climaxes in the demand for an “eternity” in this world, which is bound to the fate of the race. The Nordic man can only fight for his race, and in this race fight, love, die and be eternal. Every adventure, every readiness for war, every risk only has meaning if it serves the development of strength of the race, and hence in the final analysis pursues the

purpose of becoming fruitful. That is the positive meaning of the creative, Germanic restlessness.

There is also the instinctual, destructive restlessness of the nomads, a desire for adventure which possesses no creative strengths: we find such booty-hunters among the Orientals, primarily among the Jews. We despise them because of the proud self-consciousness of our race, which wields the sword in order to accomplish tasks.

This war has presented us Germanic men with great creative tasks. In front of us lies Europe, which must be liberated from its division, from its “magical sleep” - into which it has been sunk by occult, international powers - if it is to become a new homeland for us.

We laugh with disgust at the misunderstanding of the people stuck in yesterday, who are unable to comprehend the meaning of this struggle, and who perhaps wish to view us as “lunatics”.

We know that we are strong in our faith, that we are of the coming time, that tomorrow and the day after will belong to us, that the future is ours. We want no mercy, rather justice! That is why we have become the soldiers of the Fuehrer, who undertakes Europe’s New Order from the viewpoint of the right of the young folks.

Among our ancestors, it was already held to be an honor to be allowed to fight under a heroic leader. We

are happy, not only to be allowed to live in a time which is characterized by the greatest heroic uprising of Germanic men, but to be the soldiers of the Fuehrer who has given the sword to Germanic yearning.

What was yesterday still a dream, has today become reality. If yesterday we still yearned for trial and passionate deed, then today the Fuehrer has given us the historic hour of trial. We know that the coming Europe will be as strong as long as the Germanic will to power, awakened by the Fuehrer, remains alive and awake.

And it is up to us to again and again cause our yearnings, our desire for adventure, our readiness and our confirmation to flow into the struggle for the life-right of our race.

The Easier Path

There was a unit of SS men in a small town in Schleswig-Holstein. These men had been toughened by many fights. They are their wives and children lived consciously in accordance with the order's laws, which had been given to them by the Reichsfuehrer-SS. One day a young man by the name of Kretzschmer came to them and asked to enlist in the unit. But whoever wishes to enlist in the SS must first be checked out to see if his personality is suitable for the requirements of the order. Kretzschmer admitted that a legal case was in process against him. But he was firmly convinced of acquital. Thereupon the SS unit leader Brodersen postponed the request until the court's decision.

After a few weeks Kretzschmer reported again. He presented the court's decision - a clear acquital. At the same time, however, SS man Petersen, who lived in the same area as Kretzschmer, appeared in front of the unit leader and said: "Unit leader, we must reject this man; in my eyes he is a coward." This accusation was severe and the unit leader Brodersen turned abruptly toward Petersen and said sharply: "His honor has again been established, the court has decided and acquitted him.

How do you want to justify your severe judgment?" Petersen saw that the unit leader, who was well-known for his especially just nature, was angry about his objection. But his bearing was firm and his gaze was free as he replied: "According to the laws of the state, Kretzschmer has been acquitted; but according to the unwritten law of the SS, I must find him guilty."

Then Petersen reported what he had found out about Kretzschmer just a few hours earlier:

"You know that a few months ago this dangerous fellow Josef Mamzak moved to Neumuenster - of whom one was never clear whether he belonged to the reds or to the reactionaries. Even if we are here half a day's journey away from Neumuenster, we have all nonetheless heard of the attack by this Mamzak against Gertrud Jensen. According to the evidence of the court, Kretzschmer was not 50 meters away from the scene of the crime. That is why the prosecutor presumed that Kretzschmer had participated in the attack. Meanwhile, Kretzschmer could prove his innocence in this regard, and that is why the court acquitted him. For the state and the general public, that was the end of the matter, but not for us SS men! For, as a decent fellow, Kretzschmer must have helped the girl. He did not do that. Therefore, he is a coward."

Unit leader Brodersen's rule was, calmly and under all circumstances, to first hear the accused before judging. Hence he now had Kretzschmer called in. He had to admit that he had been drinking with the crude Mamzak and telling despicable stories about women. After leaving he immdiately separated from him. Indeed he later heard the girl scream, but because Mamzak was known as a violent man with a knife, he did not feel equal to him. Therefore, he had gone his own way.

The unit leader remained outwardly calm. His answer was cool and dismissing: "Kretzschmer, fate put you in front of a decision in that hour: to walk the difficult path without concern for the danger to yourself and to stand by the girl, or to choose the easier path to protect your own bones. Recently at the Reich leadership conference, the Reichsfuehrer told us again that the SS man must always decide for the more difficult path. You could not do that, therefore we reject you."

One does not only sin against loyalty and honor when one, through inaction, allows the honor of oneself or of the SS to be harmed, rather above all if one does not respect the honor of others, or mocks things that are holy to others, or does not, manly and decently, stand up for the absent, the weak and the defenseless.

- Our Reichfuehrer, 1935

Many Things

by the Reichsfuehrer SS

Many things can be forgiven in this world, so we teach the SS man, but one thing can never be forgiven: disloyalty. He who breaks loyalty, excludes himself from our society.

This is so, because loyalty is a function of the heart, not of the head. The head may err, and this is sometimes damaging, but it is never beyond repair. The heart, on the other hand, is required to always beat the same rhythm, and when it stops, a man dies in the same way a peoples dies - when it breaks loyalty.

We are speaking here of loyalty of every kind: loyalty to the Fuehrer and therefore to the German and Germanic people, and to their wisdom and their ways; loyalty to the blood, hence to our ancestors, uncles and to our clan or ethnicity; loyalty to our comrades; and finally loyalty to the unchanging laws of good breading - of cleanliness and chivalry.

A man sins against loyalty and honor not only when he passively permits his own or the Schutstaffel's honor to be compromised, but above all, when he fails to respect the honor of others, when he derides things that others hold sacred, or when he unmanfully and indecently fails to come to the defense of the weak, the helpless and those not present to defend themselves.

The Triple Seal

by Dorothea Hollatz

Because of the large amount of work, one had neglected to prepare the young wife for the appearance of her husband, who had been delivered into the hospital, badly wounded, during the campaign against England, or to sufficiently explain the nature of his wounds to her. When the nurse opened the door to the room, which he shared with two other wounded men, the wife stood helpless among the beds, for all three men had bandaged heads and she could not see their faces. The nurse helped her by gesturing toward the window and pointing at the name plates at the head of each bed, where one could read who lay hidden behind the mummification. And so the wife had to believe, because of the name place, that the motionless figure in front of her was her husband, whom she had traveled two nights to visit. She bent over him, called him softly and placed her hand on his right hand. There was a movement, a shutter went through the body, but he remained silent. He took his second hand from under the covers. Both were uninjured. The nurse pushed a stool to the bed for the wife and asked her not to remain in the room more than ten minutes.

While the wife held both of her husband's hands and did not dare to ask any questions, because she feared she would receive no answer, and perhaps moreover because she had to recognize her life-comrade and father of her children by his hands alone, not by his eyes, mouth or speech, a terrible fear arose in her heart that he might be taken from her forever and perhaps already was not all there. She wanted to ask the other man, on the other side of the room, what had happened to her husband, but this other man as well as the third all laid motionless with bandaged heads, and nothing indicated whether they, under their heavy bandages, could hear or speak. So she sat for a while and did not know what to do.

The wounded husband, who felt the need and helplessness of his wife, raised his hand and knocked with his ring three times on the glass plate of his night table, which as it immediately turned out, was the same as a request, something like: "Help me, comrade, you know that I cannot speak yet."

At any rate, the three knocks were followed by a human, even if hard to understand, voice from the opposite wall, and from the white wrappings emerged a voice, short and disciplined as if executing and order: "Supposed to inform you that all of us were shot in the

face." And barely audible it afterwards mumbled: "Now we are not pretty anymore."

At the same time, as if an accompaniment of these fateful words, her husband's hand felt its way up his wife's arm, over her shoulder toward her head, and pulled her face down to his hand. And so, cuddled in the trusted and protecting palm, her heart became calm again, and she began to speak.

She randomly talked about the small, insignificant events of daily life; she had not planned to speak of any of these things, except perhaps the news that the little one was doing well. She spoke of the apple tree in the front garden, of the weather outside, of the health of his little canary bird at home and about the binding on the latest Goethe edition. That a little daughter had been born to a friend and that the roses were blooming in the park. She talked without pause, softly, almost like a song, and did not even know if he heard it. At any rate, the pressure of his hand on hers seemed to betray that he absorbed her words.

When she saw that the time had run out, she felt compelled to now finally tell him the essential, to make him understand the important thing, and she whispered to him that now she really loved him, that he should not worry about the wounds or the scars, that a real scar is

fitting for a realm man and such. She had to really make an effort to say this as softly and almost indifferently, but she knew how much it pleased him. And when his hand again felt out for her presence, as a thanks or greeting, she placed her lips into the open palm and kissed it three times, quickly and as if in a game, so that he would not perceive her shock. The other hand experienced the same, and then she placed both hands together and stood up.

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When she left, she left behind a different man, who again looked toward the future with hope and happiness. The bearing of the wife gave the sacrifice of the man its final and great meaning. From it grew his strength and healing. The loyalty of his wife had given him back the courage to live.

Man's best comrade is the (female) comrade.

- Gorch Fock

A war story about the great love of our mothers

Her Boy

by E. K.

It was spring when the news came to her that her boy was among the missing in action.

The chestnut-tree under the kitchen window did not know anything about suffering and death. It bloomed joyously despite the mother's tears. The neighbor woman tried to comfort as often and as much as possible.

"Missing is by no means as bad as fallen, Mrs. Schroeder. Just you watch: One day your Willi will come home with his happy whistle! It has happened often. Just last week by Mrs. Wendlowski: her Max, who was also missing, had only been wounded in the leg and taken prisoner until our brave lads liberated him again…"

The aging woman nodded.

"He promised me, my Willi. He would come back, he said. If not at Easter, than at Pentecost, and if things still are not quiet by then, then certainly when the chestnuts fall, from which he always carved ships for your children. Do you remember, Mrs. Richter?…"

"Yes…" whispered the neighbor, and then she fled from the rigid calm of the grey-haired little woman.

Three months later, Mrs. Schroeder was still waiting for her boy. She did not believe that he could be dead.

Previously she only went to the train station on Sunday and sat herself on the bench in front of the platform in the afternoon hours, in order to wait for something that would again bring joy into her lonely life.

Willi would still arrive here someday and he would be very pleased to be picked up. Perhaps he would have been sick for a long time or wounded.

Today the confused woman wore her Sunday dress in the middle of the week. Today was her boy's birthday. There was a vase of flowers in his room, his small table and books had been tidied up and fresh linen put on the bed.

Too bad that the bench at the train station was already occupied today. Mother Schroeder was pacing back and forth excitedly in front of the platform. Just then a train arrived from the west. She stared at the flood of travelers who came through the gate. If he would come home today, on his 25th birthday, her Willi, then everything would be fine. All loneliness, all yearning, all waiting and worrying about her only child…

Somebody bumped the small, haggard woman. Heavy luggage clattered and began to slide, a cane hit the ground hard, and a voice cried: "Steady young man, don't fall!"

But mother Schroeder had already grabbed hold and held tight. A field-grey soldier was next to her, his coat

wrinkled, his cap faded, above the haggard shoulders the rucksack packed high, a blonde mop and child's eyes, blue, clear, searching, his arm bandaged and laboriously dragging one leg.

"Willi!" stammered mother Schroeder unsteadily.

Surprised, he raised his head. An embarrassed smile appeared on his thin face. "How do you know my name?"

She was still holding his arm. The voice was strange. But the head, the beloved head with the shining eyes, dear heaven, the eyes were indeed those of her boy.

"Should I… should I help you carry something?"

Now he really laughed. "If you want to, little mother, the heat makes one weak, when one has been in a hospital for a long time. But you msitake me, little mother, even if my name is Willi."

She did not answer at all. She walked next to him and carried the bundle made out of grey cloth. He only made slow progress and she often had to support him.

"It's fine to be picked up like this. Thanks, little mother. If you would only be so kind and tell me which train I should take to Karlshorst. I don't know my way around here. A cousin of mine lines in Karlshorst. Where should one go, if one no longer has a home, but has leave, perhaps forever… for my hand… look at it, little mother!"

“Little mother” is what she heard. Her fingers glided over the stiff wrist, caressingly, carefully. “Come, come boy. Just along the street here and then we are there.”

He looked up, doubtingly. “We’re already at Karlshorst?”

“No, my boy, that’s where home is!”

“Home?”

He repeated the inconceivable word. What was going on with the peculiar woman? Perhaps she wasn’t completely right in the head? But the way she spoke and looked at him, no one had ever viewed him that way in his entire, poor, orphaned life.

“But I really am somebody else…”

“Come, man!” she just insisted, and her tears flowed after long numbness for the first time in a calm, redeeming river. “My Willi is missing, and today is his birthday. I have put fresh linen on his bed and baked a cherry cake. And, well… well I thought, I wanted… come, my boy, you have no mother and I no son. That goes well together.”

So the young, strange, homeless soldier went along. He walked like a victor despite the lame leg.

Mother Schroeder had something to care for and to love, and that is the most necessary thing for a woman.

Publication Year

1942

Houston Steward Chamberlain

Houston Steward Chamberlain was born on September 9, 1855 in Southsea by Portsmouth in England. His youth was at first spent in Versailles. After changing stays in various countries, especially in Switzerland, he lived in Germany since 1885. In the year 1908 Chamberlain married Eva Wagner, the youngest daughter of Richard Wagner. In 1909 he moved to Bayreuth, where he lived until his death on January 9, 1927.

By education and profession Chamberlain was a natural scientist. As such he wrote the first fundamental works about the role of the human races in the course of history. With this work he also acquired an unprejudiced evaluation of the German essence its political mission in the world. The fact that this was the voice of an outsider, especially that of a reasonable Englishman from one of the prominent families of the island, increased the weight of his writings. With them Chamberlain rushed ahead of his time, and also remained misunderstood in the Germany of the turn of the century. Adolf Hitler wrote in 1924 in “Mein Kampf” that the official offices of the German government indifferently passed over the knowledge of one Houston Steward Chamberlain.

That fact could no more shake Chamberlain than Germany's misfortune in the World War. Right to his death he remained convinced of the great mission of the Reich. In his opinion, only in the Reich could a really great, effective opponent against World Jewry emerge, and hence the salvation of the remaining folks be started.

Land of Freedom

by Houston Steward Chamberlain

During the World War one of the few free Englishmen, Houston Steward Chamberlain, wrote the following under the title *German World-View*:

It is most significant that a reasonable, completely English Englishman of liberal persuasion, who, however, had an immense, deeply founded knowledge - *John Stuart Mill* - stated around the middle of the 19th century:

"Only in Germany does one know what freedom of the spirit is!" I ask you to note well: "only in Germany!" That was an honest sage! He confirms what the best Germans have all known and said, but what many of us - seduced by political passion, misled and gone mentally colorblind - do not know, do not understand and do not want to admit: that Germany alone on earth is the refuge of a genuine freedom… This freedom is brought to earth by certain men as a property of the soul. It can not be bestowed or taken away.

Man is free, one does not become free - unless one views as a "becoming" the development of the seed toward bloom, which is perhaps slowed or suppressed by

external hindrances. No man can give freedom to another, but he can show him the path toward it.

Our honorable Klopstock gives the correct German definition of the concept when he says: “Whoever himself thinks, and seldom mimics, is a free man.” An infallible sign of this German concept of inner, true freedom is the unconditional respect for the freedom of every other man… Goethe says: “I can only take joy in that man who knows what is useful to himself and to others, and who works to restrain his caprice.”

That is the salient point! For if John Stuart Mill says that only in Germany does one understand what freedom of the spirit is, then we can add: that it is because only in Germany does one view caprice as the opposite of freedom, and recognizes caprice as the destroyer of freedom.

Furthermore, it is highly significant that Goethe says: “works” to constrain his caprice… Those deserve to be called free who were given the tendency to fight against their own caprice: for all true freedom - of the individual as well as of the totality - rests on the rocky slop of self-control and self-direction. …German freedom can not be bestowed, it lies as a trait in the soul and must be won by inner struggle and inner maturing; it is a deed, an enduring bearing…. it is a lived world-view. The differentiation of this German freedom is conspicuous,

wherever one may look for comparison: The *Frenchman*, for example - since he has driven out his Huguenots and killed his Frankish-Germanic nobility - does not at all know what the concept of “freedom” means; rather he sees it simply as the limitlessness of the caprice of the individual, hence the exact opposite of true freedom. Whoever has travelled in France has found there, in all areas, spreading licentiousness.

Besides that: whoever wants *equality* - and that is the dominant passion of the French - can not want freedom; for *equality is the forced rule of the leveling will of the dumb majority*, in the ban of every differentiating, special being.

Much more interesting, however, is the comparison with the largely blood-related *English*, who still today (1914), amid the prevalent confusion, seem to most to be the good example of free men - and who also view themselves as such. A fine analysis belongs to the proof that the English stand far behind the Germans, and in reality only possess a deceptive appearance of political freedom. Like all sea-going folks - such as the inhabitants of the German coastal areas, too - the genuinely formed Englishmen possess in a large measure the characteristic of self-confidence; it is a “standing-on-one’s-own feet” and self-sufficiency. It goes back, in the final analysis, to the custom of the daily struggle against the destructive

elements. So are bravery, alertness and perseverance bred. Only a fool can deny that this folk has had, has, and will continue to have splendid men - for the given circumstances will constantly develop them.

A Scottish poet of the 14th century sang: “Freedom is to be praised more highly than all the gold on earth”. So one sees that the most noble concept of freedom could have been produced from such natural tendencies. But history directed things differently. While Germany experienced the most difficult school of tests ever to face a folk, and had more than ample opportunity to learn how to “limit caprice”, England, surrounded by the protective seas, experienced just the opposite: as soon as it became internally calm, the whole world stood open for plunder and suppression. The guiding principle was from then on: the English as a free folk, all other folks god-given booty - be it for today, be it for tomorrow. From that moment on England’s politics was essentially plunder. But we have seen that - according to the German world-view - freedom also preconditions the respect of the freedom of others: already from this consideration is demonstrated that such a robber-folk can not really be free.

Its much praised parliamentary government has always served the rule of a minority: parliament has never been allowed to direct foreign affairs, nor does it have a

decisive voice in regards to declarations of war or peace treaties; a very small clique of more or less dark gentlemen today rules despotically, men who stand closely dependent with the money-powers and the thoroughly rotten, criminal press.

As incomplete as things may be in the German state (of 1914), it stands mountains high over the English in regard to human respect, human dignity and human freedom. From the beginning, the Englishman understood by freedom the lack of duties toward the state, nothing more. Already in the heyday of the great English revolution that main work “supreme rule of the people’s assemblies” (Lilburne, 1643) declared that forced military service should never be introduced, because it would suspend freedom. Any moral connection between the individual and the totality is hence lacking. On that basis neither the individual nor the folk achieves true freedom. That is also why the English gladly allow their battles to be fought by foreigners - un Europe usually by Germans, in Asia by Indians; the Englishman was indifferent to everything as long as he could bring his immeasurable treasures back behind the wall of waves around his island in safety. The history of the expansion of the English empire is probably the most immoral on known in world history. The most repulsive thing is the obligation for hypocrisy, which has

been elevated to a law of life. For as the waves protect its gold bars, so has the will to plunder of this state barricaded itself behind an ocean of lies, until even the most honest people no longer know what the truth is.

What we experience in this war (1914) with amazement and shock - the campaign of lies against Germany - is only the last poisoned fruit of centuries of practice. For everything we have heard and hear about Ireland, India, Africa, China and Egypt - everything is a lie. When the entire state existence rests on lies, where should freedom - be it of the individual, be it of the folk - come from? The individual Englishman is still to a high degree truth-loving, noble, kind - but nonetheless obligated to the lie. He is hence a servant deprived of all genuine freedom of the spirit, who must always remain with the commanded line in all public matters of religion and state.

How great is the German freedom in comparison! As has already been often noted, one can sum it up as *freedom, as being true. Freedom is truthfulness*. Whoever truly, that means completely according to his essence, is totally in harmony with his nature, he is free.

Finnish Loyalty

by Yrjoe von Groenhagen

It is no coincidence that one attributes to Nordic man loyalty as his special characteristic. Just like simple, serious nature, so are its men: simple, clear, deed oriented, through hard fate a little hard and deliberate, but nonetheless at the same time full of humor, and above all: loyal. Solid and unerringly fateful is the loyalty to a great man and to the homeland.

A personal experience should show how deeply the tradition and the spirit of the fathers is rooted in the Finnish peasants.

Our clan owned property in a fertile, lovely area in southern Finland. In the year 1888 my grandfather, as the last of us, was buried by the medieval church of the village. How much has happened between that time to the present. Heavy fighting for the homeland, the winter war in the winter of 1939/1940 - and then the reconstruction and the blossoming of a new country become independent. So it came to pass that I could hardly remember anymore the time and the world of my grandfather.

1942, during military service, my regiment was stationed not far from the ancestral holding of my

forefathers. So one free afternoon I suddenly made the decision to go over there. Two comrades wanted to accompany me. Perhaps they were still peasants alive who knew my grandfather? I especially thought about the old Saari, of whom my father had written me. His clan had served for many generations on our holdings. At the entrance to the village saw an old man sitting on the bridge, smoking a pipe and thoughtfully looking off into the distance. He was already 80 years old, if not more, but he was as solid as a tree which had struck its roots so far into the ground that no storm could fell it. I went to him and asked if a peasant by the name of Saari was still alive, and if yes, where one could meet him. His deeply set eyes under the white eyebrows cast a muttering gaze at me. His face became hard in front of these strangers, and he looked through all three of us with distrust. “What then do you want of him?”

“We only want to visit and speak with him.”

“What about?” growled the hard voice.

“Well, if you absolutely must know! My name is Groenhagen and I wish to know if there are still peasants here who knew my grandfather.”

As if a dark curtain fell from his face, he smiled, yes beamed with joy.

”Dear God”, the words swiftly fell from his mouth. “I, I

am Saari - and you - you are of the Groenhagen! That I should still experience such a thing! We thought that you had all died, because none of you came here. How pleased my wife will be! Come, come!" He took us home, almost jumping with joy. His wife also broke out in tears of joy: the longer she looked at me, the more plentiful they flowed.

We had to sit down and speak with the old man while the wife set the places in the "gentlemen's room". To my surprise, I only saw three places set at the table - for my comrades and myself.

"And you? Won't you also eat?"

"Oh, no. We will only watch and enjoy ourselves as long as it tastes good to you."

We did not wait to be asked again, rather we ate with good appetite. The old people sat next to each other, rocked back and forth, and happily watched us.

The news of our arrival spread like wildfire through the village, thanks to the old woman. It did not take long before a good dozen old peasants came, who hand known my grandfather. The hard hands of old peasants stretched toward me with welcome, and clear tears of joy ran down the faces of the honest, warm-hearted old people. Each had brought along some keepsake of remembrance of my ancestors - also carefully preserved

photographs and pictures from newspapers and magazines, in which they saw with pride one of “their” Groenhagens.

The old people sat around me. Despite my requests, I could not persuade them to take a place at the same table. According to old custom they offered me food and drink, the best that they had. The meal was like a feast. Everything was available to me, because the same blood flowed in me as in the man whom they had loved and respected in their youth.

“And now, young man, we will go to the grave of your grandfather.”

In front of me was not the grave of a forgotten man. The granite stone was as smooth as new, and bright flowers grew around it. I could not hide how moved I was.

”But, Saari, who has cared for the grave?”

The old man looked at me, and one saw that he did not understand the question. “Who care for it? We, my wife and I, naturally. My wife washes and polishes the stone every spring, and every Sunday we bring new flowers.”

My grandfather had died in the year 1888. Since the beginning of the century no one from the family had

been able to care for the grave. Thirty years had passed, I was ashamed.

Should I thank him? Saari would not have understood it. His deed seemed so self-evident to him that it was pointless to discuss it. I simply gave my hand in silence to the old man, to him and to his wife, and promised to return.

A few years later the loyal servant went home to that great army. Next to the grave of my grandfather stands a simple stone with the inscription:

Veikko Saari

The condition of Europe in the next century will again breed the manly virtues: because one will live in constant danger. The 'universal military duty' is already today the peculiar antidote against the effeminacy of the democratic ideas: growing out of the struggle of the nations.

- Friedrich Nietzsche

Finland 1918/1919

High up in the farthest northeast of the then smaller Europe, the small folk of the Finns, who until then was under the Russian yoke, revolted in 1917 after the outbreak of Bolshevism in Russia.

It thereby clearly affirmed Europe and became its most northeastern bastion against Asia.

In 1918 the already won freedom was, especially on the Finnish southwestern coast, threatened by powerful Bolshevik invasions.

During this period the German folk, suffering from an international-Jewish hunger-blockade, was fighting very heavy battles in the west, east and south of Europe as well as in the Near East and Africa.

Germany could not watch the Finnish folk, bravely affirming Europe, again being delivered into renewed slavery.

Germany could not allow the Bolsheviks, already repulsed from the southeastern Baltic Sea, to now gain a hold on the northern Baltic Sea.

Furthermore, an advance of the Soviets into northern Finland would have put a link with England via northern Sweden and northern Norway - for future times and

other political circumstances - into the sphere of the possible.

What that means has been thoroughly learned by the Waffen-SS men stationed in the far north.

In defiance of all the tricks of the contemporary German Marxist party and government offices, the Supreme German Army Command decided to help Finland.

General Ludendorff summarized the reasons for this - for Europe's future so decisive - decision with the following words: "I have made all of my decisions with my head; the decision to help Finland I have made with my head and with my heart!"

The Knights of the German House

The Teutonic Knights not only won the land along the lower course of the Vistula river, including East Prussia; they also added the Baltic provinces in the northeast, Pomerania and the new province in the west to their possessions.

These knights initially secured their territory militarily. But the men who knew how to wield the sword were also capable administrators and above all experts in agriculture. They knew that the plough must follow the sword if their state-territory was to be won and preserved for Germandom.

That East Prussia could remain German through the centuries even under the most difficult conditions, that it above all during the dictatorial Treaty of Versailles surrendered nothing of its ethnicity, can be thanked to the colonizing activities of those peasants who established their farmsteads under the protection of the Teutonic Knights.

170 years after the first opening of German eastern provinces, the order's land already housed 750,000 people. That was, measured against the transportation

and economic preconditions of that time, an unprecedented accomplishment.

During the founding and development of the new villages, the order made use of enterprising men who led the peasants, along with their families, from Reich territory.

For their efforts, these men received large land grants as well as the position of village mayor, which was inherited by their descendants.

Often they also received so-called useful privileges, such as the license to sell intoxicants or the village mill.

The peasants obtained farms of two Flemish “hufen”, which means 30 to 35 hectares. A village normally consisted of ten settlements. Each of the possessed an owner; they were hereditary according to German law.

In the beginning, the farms were tax-free. Their owners were not required to pay money or natural produce to the order. The peasants were obligated to military service in the militia and had to contribute to the construction and maintenance of fortifications. The responsibility for the punctual accomplishment of delivery after expiration of the free years, for the performance of public services, and for the professional preparations and care of the fields, rested with the village mayor.

As simple as the regulations of the administrative relationships basically were, so unprecedented were the obstacles which the German peasant up there - without the helpful means of the present, far from the motherland and on his own - had to overcome. Not only did he have to clear forests, dry swamps and de-acidify meadows, but also beyond that become master over the insecurity of the strange land, and over the mistrust and hostility of its inhabitants.

If nonetheless the economic and folkish consolidation of this area proceded so rapidly, and if at a peak five villages were founded and occupied by peasants in ten days, then that is testimony to the enterprising spirit of the peasants of all German tribes as well as to the organizational and military accomplishment of the Order of the Teutonic Knights.

Battle for the Annaberg
May 21, 1921

Upper Silesia

Threatened on two sides by Piles and Czechs, Silesia extended far into the east after the World War.

It is a purely German land; its fields yield plentiful produce, its zinc and coal mines belong to Europe's largest.

A Silesia in German hands would hamper Polish attacks against East and West Prussia as well as attacks against Saxony by the then Allied-controlled Czechs.

This German wedge was by its very position already of decisive importance for the defense of a line running from Stettin to Berlin, Leipzig and Munich.

Naturally, the Poles and Czechs were aware of this strategic importance of Silesia.

And so, at the time of Germany's greatest exhaustion after the World War - and under the protection of the Allied troops stationed there - parts of Silesia were torn away by the Czechs and Poles even before the folk-plebiscite. Even the Prussian province of Posen - by virtue of its position and great widening a fortification of the German wedge into the Slavic flood - was stolen from the Reich and given to Poland without a plebiscite.

The enemies had been disappointed by the result of the plebiscite in the border areas of eastern Upper Silesia. Despite the worst terror before the plebiscite, by far the greatest portion of the populate decided for Germany.

The young and old soldiers, who had returned from the World War, were just starting to establish a new life foundation as peasants, in the factories or in the universities.

Right into the middle of this peaceful work came the news that the Polish leader Korfanty - for the third time, but this time with the support of his government and of the Polish army - had undertaken an attack against - still German - Silesia. His intention was to conquer all of Silesia for Poland, which back then - without any military protection - appeared to be helpless against the Polish lust for robbery.

That would have been the moment for a so-called German Reich government to call to arms. But the red and reactionary rulers in Berlin clicked their heels in front of the frown of the French ambassador. Without action they at first let things run their course.

“Upper Silesia, yes, all of Silesia is in danger!” rang out as a cry through the German lands, despite the silence of the red-reactionary press.

Many of us had not yet seen this magnificent land.

The economic and strategic importance of this German arm reaching to the east, was, however, already instinctually clear to us. The great riches of the land and its economic role, on the other hand, were less decisive for us young soldiers.

It was a matter of honor.

So volunteers from all parts of Germany flowed in, especially from Bavaria, Hamburg and Silesia itself.

Meanwhile, however, the pressure from the Allies on the government in Berlin had increased so much that it tried to prevent the formation of volunteer units.

Only with the greatest difficulties and use of every trick were the units and individuals able to reach the contested area.

Their equipment was extremely deficient. Above all, heavy infantry weapons and artillery were almost totally lacking. Old, experienced soldiers from the World War had young, hardly trained volunteers next to them,

But all were possessed with the one will - far more than merely the defense, to annihilate the enemy who had already penetrated so deeply into German land.

Against the strict instructions of the overly fearful Berlin system government, the volunteer battalions marched into their staging positions during the night of May 20 to May 21.

The Annaberg was taken in heavy fighting. From it the men saw far into the land, in the south toward Cosel on the Oder river and in the east toward the extensive upper Silesian industrial areas.

The dominant height was in German hands, the old landmark of all of Silesia!

The effect on the Poles was crushing. The period of Polish raids against Reich territory came to an end.

Over all of Germany - which the previous years had experienced degradation after degradation - however, the first sweet ray of sunlight shined through the dark pall of clouds.

Germanic Life Will

Every war is a bloodletting of the best blood. Many a victory of arms was simultaneously a devastating defeat of the life strength and of the blood of a folk.

In this regard, the unfortunately necessary death of the best men, as regrettable as it may be, is not the worst part.

Much worse is the absence of the children not bred during the war by the survivors and after the war by the dead.

The greatest gift for the widow of the fallen is always the child of the man whom she has loved.

We never want to forget that the victory of the sword and the blood shed by our soldiers would not have a purpose, if the victory of the child and the colonization of the new land did not follow.

From the order of the Reichsfuehrer SS
of October 28, 1939 for the entire SS and police

Yamato

by Kazuichi Miura

Yamato is the name of a Japanese province. Because exceptional Japanese soldiers have hailed from this area, the name Yamato has become a symbol of courage and fulfillment of duty. Nothing can simply be taken over from a foreign folk to one's own folk. But we can learn from the Japanese example how courage and bravery root in religious feeling.

It happened in the year 1932 by Western time that a Japanese Major, wounded during the fighting for Shanghai, lost consciousness and so had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy. Afterwards he was liberated by the advancing Japanese troops and taken back. One day the press reported that a Major had claimed suicide at precisely the spot where he had been taken prisoner.

What does this event tell us? Simply because he had been wounded and unconscious, the officer had been taken prisoner; was that a shame for a warrior? Why did he end his life instead of fighting on for his fatherland, and serving it with his knowledge, experience, courage

and spirit? Only from the Yamato spirit, that spirit of Japanese man, can his behavior be explained.

In the sagas of western Japan, the tradition of the strong knight's spirit is especially alive; the foundation for the spiritual education of the saga-knight can be found in the book "Hagakure", a work about the knight's code, where it is written: "If you have to choose between two paths - life or death - choose the latter." The Major, who carried this teaching deep inside himself, went the path of death. But why should one search for death?

In the knight's code of the Japanese warriors of today, "Senjinkum" or the teachings of the war camp, it is written: "Living, you should never carry the shame of the prisoner; after death you should not leave behind the bad reputation of guilt and calamity." From olden days it is viewed as a great shame in Japan to live on in captivity; one should die first.

In modern war - other than in old times - certain circumstances may be unavoidable in which one is captured. One can certainly be of the opinion that one does not necessarily have to die after one has done one's duty with highly advanced modern weapons - yes, done one's best - and that one serves his country much better by remaining alive and fulfilling one's calling - be it in war or in peace. Such a view has a certain justification;

but the Japanese soldier thinks differently: If he lives on in the shame of captivity, that means he did not fight to the death, that he still had the possibility of fighting on, and he is filled with the deepest regret that he did not fight to the death for Tenno, fatherland and folk.

"Be it at sea, where sea-water baptizes my body,
be it on land, where moss covers my bones in the mountains,
only with the great ruler do I want to fight
without a thought about myself."

Just like this ancient song, which we sing again and again, brings to expression, it is completely inconceivable that the soldier returns to life. Lord Nelson said at his death: "Thank God, I have done my duty"; the Japanese, however, does not fight for the sake of duty alone, but in order to sacrifice his life. Erwin Baelz, one of the best authorities on Japan, reports one of his own experiences from the period of the Russo-Japanese War: A Japanese acquaintance visited him with his son, who the next morning was supposed to report to the front. After the young man had left, Dr. Baelz conversed with his acquaintance about the war; the old man told him that he had lost his oldest son four years earlier during the Boxer Rebellion and now had sent his second to war. He went on to say that his honored family crest would now

no longer have somebody to carry it on, because he had no more sons. Baelz said to him comfortingly: “Not all who go to the front are destined to fall; I believe your son will return with great military honor.” The old father shook his head and replied: “No, my son is going into battle in order to find a hero’s death, not in order to return alive.” Erwin Baelz noted: They were calm words, fitting a philosopher.

This attitude is the true reason why Japan has previously lost no war and in the present war in Greater East Asia, too, has achieved such wonderful successes. It is nothing other than a resolute deed to - in the smallest conceivable submarines - attack and sink the mightiest warships of the U.S. fleet. The self-destruction of the Japanese fliers has the purpose of viewing themselves as part of the bomb load and diving into the enemy, in order to fulfill their calling. On December 12th of last year, the Imperial Headquarters reported that nine out of ten naval airplanes had successfully destroyed themselves. This heroic spirit is what protects the Japanese Empire; this heroic spirit enabled the Japanese military already in the years 1274 and 1281 - with only 50,000 men against the far superior Mongolians, who numbered about 150,000 men - to defeat them soundly and fight off their terrible assault. In the Sino-Japanese War of 1894/1895

and the Russo-Japanese war of 1904/1905, Japan's shining victories were produced by this spirit. And those soldiers, too, who today fight in the endless space of the Pacific on land, in the sea and in the air, are all prepared to defend their fatherland to the last and enter into the ranks of the gods.

Those who call such a spirit fatalism and view it as senseless disregard of precious human life are far from understanding the Japanese soldier-spirit. The daring deeds of arms of the Japanese soldiers are manifestations of this powerful spirit, which works for the continuation and honor of the Reich, for justice and for true peace.

It would also be an inexcusable mistake to see the slightest trace of primitive brutality in this spirit. Japanese man's love for flowers is well-known. His aesthetics, however, do not allow him to seek the flower alone, rather he values the organic union of leaves and branches; therefore he never cuts off the blossom, but leaves it on the twig. Japanese civilization has not only given its people a high willingness to sacrifice, but also sensitive compassion. This compassion shows itself in the behavior of the Japanese soldier toward the enemy, especially the captured one. Here is a compelling example from the Middle Ages: In 1184, in the course of a bitter civil war, the splendid warrior Kumagai defeated

a knight from the enemy camp, Atsumori, and, according to the war custom of that period, took his head. Atsumori was hardly 20 years old, and Kumagai - deeply disturbed by his early death - set aside the sword, left the knight caste and became a priest, in order to spend his life as such with prayers for the well-being of the soul of the fallen one.

During the previous World War Japanese volunteers serving in the Canadian army wound up on duty on the western front; among them was a volunteer named Isomura, who during an attack came across a wounded German. By gestures, the wounded man let Isomura know he had a terrible thirst, and without hesitation Isomura gave him a drink out of his own canteen, which still had a small amount of precious water in it. Meanwhile a British soldier had appeared, who attacked the wounded German with his bayonet. Isomura threw himself between them and called out: “Don’t you see that the man is seriously wounded?” - “So what”, replied the Briton, “wounded or not, each enemy who is killed is our gain.” - “Where is your Christian charity?” - “I left it at home when I went to war”, the Briton answered.

Likewise, during the World War the Japanese volunteer Morooka heard and extremely young opponent - whom he had attacked with the bayonet - shout

“Mother!” When he heard this word, he knew he could not thrust his bayonet against this enemy a second time, and so in this manner did the fellow, although wounded, get saved and later returned to the homeland.

The Japanese do indeed consider it beneath their dignity to be captured, but they nonetheless have a deep compassion for the prisoners they themselves take. In the course of the Russo-Japanese war, many Russian prisoners were taken by Japan, and none of them will think back without thankfulness on the generous treatment given them in Japan. Such behavior toward the wounded enemy has always been viewed as a virtue in Japan. From their history it is clear that the Koreans participating in the Mongolian invasion who fell into Japanese hands did not deserve special treatment, but they still found a humane reception. The Emperor of Kora even saw fit to express his gratitude for such treatment in a letter to the Japanese government. It must be remembered here that the Mongolian invasion was a mortal threat to Japan and its folk. In the Russo-Japanese War the First Division and the Second Japanese Army had the task of caring for the first Russian prisoners. An inspection was ordered with the purpose of acquainting the Japanese soldiers with the uniforms, insignia and markings of the opponent. Many of the enlisted men of

one company, however, did not participate in the inspection. The following consideration was given as the reason: It was a shame to be taken prisoner as a soldier, and it was unbearable to have to show one's face to the enemy as a prisoner; the samurai understands the feelings of the samurai and spares him this humiliation. That was the reason the soldiers did not participate in the inspection of the Russian prisoners. The enemy officers who had given the order to kill all Japanese, even the prisoners, may not have understood this behavior of the Japanese soldiers.

In one theater of the present war in Greater East Asia, the Philippines, at the beginning of January a number of Japanese civilians were massacred by U.S. troops; in the history of Japan, such atrocities do not emerge.

The Japanese fight today for the fatherland and for all folks of Greater East Asia, they fight a difficult, sacrifice-ridden struggle in which they place the hardest demands on themselves; nonetheless they have deep compassion for fellow human beings, and because of this situation, in the course of fighting, many notable and moving events will emerge, which will go down into the history of the war and there bear witness to the spirit of Japan, the Yamato Tamashii.

And if we have loyalty,
and nothing else in the world,
that is enough, and no one
stands before us.

None can revile us,
no enemy can keep pace,
death can not reap
with its hard cut.

In you and me and everyone,
it grows early and late,
and in the middle, where we fall,
there it is sowed.

And if we have loyalty,
and nothing else in the world,
that is enough, and no one
stands before us.

- Hans Baumann

Rather to the Devil in Hell...

by Gerhart Schinke

An autumn day slid out into the misty expanse of the sea. The Last light fell from the trees, and already the darkness began its march across the land. The evening came damp and cold. On the wide open window of his king's hall stood Ratbod. A fire burned in the fireplace and cast its light onto the tall figure. Serious were the features of his angular face, whose gaze was lost in the foggy grey of the joyless evening.

The King repeated in his thoughts the luck and the suffering of the last days. The burden was heavy on his shoulders. The lonely man held judgement over himself and his lands and had to carry the weight of the misfortune alone through the nights.

The Battle at Wyk-de-Duerstede had been lost. Coming generations will drivel about it as about all battles, will note the event like each event in wars between folks. But they will never know what thoughts burned in the mind of the man who saw the flower of his folk die before its time! They will never know how it broke his heart as he swung his flashing sword against the heads of the blonde warriors who fought in the enemy's ranks.

The Frisian King threw his head around and stared for a long time into the fire. His hand raised to his forehead. From the sea of flames emerged figures which stood before his eyes. It was indeed the image of Aldgisl. The dead king stood as if alive before him. A conversation with him started:

“You wanted to break hostility with friendship when you allowed Willibrord, the priest, into the land. You hoped that he would hold to what he promised. The messenger of the foreign faith only promoted unrest and sowed hatred. He has destroyed Frisianland. Then I took to the sword and called to war against the enemy who threatened the land’s freedom. Free should Frisianland be, free like the clear waves of the sea, free like the thunder when it roars over the forests. But too great was the number of the enemy. The enemy has triumphed, hear, dead one, triumphed!”

Desperation spoke from his words.

“The tribe bleeds! The strength wanes against the tenfold stronger, because the lord in Rome devotes ever new armies to the conquest of power, the enemy penetrates into our land to destroy the freedom of the North!”

For a long time there was silence in the room.

The dead king's image appeared more clearly in front of the pained eye.

"I must preserve freedom for the land, save the life of the folk from foreign force. Yes, it should sow and build, put down seed into fertile ground and protect the fields from the floods of the sea. Frisianland should remain, the dikes should not sink!

"Yes, King, Frisianland should live! Your goal was the same as mine. You tried to reconcile the enemy when you saw that he came in superior numbers. I defiantly offered him my sword. Are we not both sons of the sea, sprouts of the same earth? Who showed the homeland its original nature? Willibrord sings a song to you. The priests curse me, because I offered them resistance when they came to befool my folk. So they agitated the Frankish army into the land and now bury the harvest of blood that flowed through our swords.

"Hear Aldgisl, I want to follow your example… if I can. The Bishop of Sens should enter Frisianland. I myself want to accept baptism! For Frisianland must live!"

The king pulled the sword from the sheath, stepped into the light from the flame and held the blade into the light. The sword was still sharp, but it should not be repeated that a small band of defiant warriors opposes a superior enemy force with arms. For the sake of life, he

was determined to offer peace. And the revulsion with which he despised the crucified god sank in this hour of desperation.

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It was to become a victory of the cross when the King of the Frisians, who had defied the teachings of the church for so long, received the baptism from the hand of the bishop. Priests' hands - cunning and calculating - had prepared everything very well. There was the place which the bishop had selected for the baptism (no prayer house stood in Frisianland, in which the holy act could have been performed); a clear morning fell onto the land. Men and women had come together to experience the spectacle offered by the church. The wooden cross, raised by the servants of the church, stood high. Willibrord, the Bishop of Utrecht, came with his ally Wulfram of Sens and an entourage across the grounds. Silently triumphant, the messenger of Rome walked to the elevated spot where the baptism of the king was to take place. In front of all eyes would the water of the baptism be poured over the king's head, and the folk would witness how even the most defiant king accepted the faith of the cross.

The neighing of horses and beating of hoofs announced his arrival. Next to him rode Grimoald, his daughter's husband. Warriors with spears ands words followed. When the king jumped down from his horse and walked toward the bishops, who had already assumed their positions along the sides of the raised cross, the entire pride of the north gleamed in his eye. An unbroken warrior wanted to bow his head. Inflexible was his gaze toward the men and women, who stood silently in a circle as he approached the cross.

Wulfram, the Bishop of Sens, now began to speak loudly so as to be heard far away:

"In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti! See, it is a great time which approaches through the representatives of God on earth. Kings and powerful lords begin to hear the message of salvation!"

With the enthusiasm of the converter he called out the words:

"Men and women of Frisianland, as your king today accepts the saviour and becomes a Christian through baptism, so you, too, should throw yourselves at the feet of the all-powerful God, who sent his son to earth to purge your guilt, too, and to save you from guilt and damnation!"

None of those standing there understood the meaning of the words. The priests stood in their hair-shirts behind the speaking bishop with a humble gaze toward the ground. Armed Frankish soldiers stood guard to the right and to the left. The cross towered high like a terrible threat.

Ratbod's eye wandered toward the bishop, settled on the colorful gown, then rose, met the unclear gaze of the delegate of Rome, returned back again and confirmed to him anew how different a king is from a priest. Behind the high forehead appeared the thought: An insurmountable barrier separates the kings of Germania from the priests of Rome.

The bishop mixed Latin sentences into the baptism speech. The words of the ceremony flew like confused night birds over the grounds and found nowhere the hearts of the listeners. So their effect was lost like the smoke from incense. The climax of the ceremony seemed to be past. Ratbod's eye mustered the group of his people surely and firmly, who lacked reverence just like he himself.

The priest portrayed the holiness of the baptized and painted the hell torment of the damned who did not want to hear the word of the High Priest in Rome. Now Wulfram of Sens turned to Ratbod himself:

“Take then, King, the water of baptism, so that you, freed of all sins, may one day enter heaven with the throngs of believers, to sit at the right of the omniscient God from eternity to eternity, while all those go to hell, who die unbaptized.”

Then Ratbod’s voice interrupted the speaking bishop.

He asked in the language of his ancestors:

“You have said, priest, that I shall go to heaven if I allow myself to be baptized? Now tell me, priest, where are my parents, who are dead and have never been baptized?!”

Terror spread through the ranks of the group of priests, because the holy act had been so unexpectedly interrupted. The bishop, completely in the enthusiasm of the conversion, threw out the words:

“All of them are with the devil in hell, because they died as pagans!”

Then Ratbod kicked the clay pan with the holy water so that it fell to the ground and burst into fragments. And he hurled his free words into the priest’s face:

“Then I want to tell you, priest, I would rather go to my parents and the devil in hell than with you priests to heaven!”

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European Front

The harder this war affects the European folks, the greater the energies which it awakens in these folks and sets into motion. Outmoded government ideas disappear under the impact of this war as if they never existed. The artificial assortment of states of the Versailles Treaty is crushed, and under suffering and tears a new era is born. We ourselves are only a wave in the flood which is setting the folks of Europe in motion. The ideas of race and socialism are shaking the folks of Europe and pushing them to new forms of state life. Under the impact of the Bolshevik drive of expansion and the meanness of the enemy's bombing attacks, the folks of Europe are being irresistibly drawn closer together, and a feeling of community is emerging which never existed before in the past times of the only apparent prosperity in Europe. It would be wrong to compare the condition of Europe with the one it found itself in when the French Revolution and Napoleon shook the states and folks. Back then the waves of a revolutionary flood struck an outdated Europe lacking an idea under the leadership of the reactionary Chancellor Metternich and destroyed the untenable and hollow system of a European state jumble

under Austrian leadership. Today's Europe does not find itself in a condition of the mere preservation and defense of the past. In that it has become conscious of its Germanic tradition, it breaks outmoded state borders and brings folks back together. The old world is represented by the enemy in the west and in the east. Capitalism and Marxism are only the sick tips of the outmoded conception of the purpose of life and of the value of man. The New Europe is carried by the energy of the revolutionary idea of socialism and race. It thus finds itself simultaneously in a condition of defense and attack: attack, because it opposes a sick and outdated world with a better one. The socialism is not only a domestic program of the Reich, which strives for a human order on the basis of accomplishment, but also contains - viewed beyond the state - the program of a New Order of the European folks on the basis of the free development of their folkish values and on the basis of their historical accomplishment.

The Power of the Reich Idea

In the ranks of the Waffen-SS today fight Dutchmen, Flemings, Walloons, Scandinavians, Estonians and Latvians, and soon other folks will dress their awakened youth in the same uniform and thus form the European

Front under the SS symbol, which has been born from the need of this hour and forms the foundation of a coming order in Europe. Whoever may have had doubts about the strengths of the idea is corrected when he today meets Dutchmen or Estonians in the Waffen-SS, who are more fanatical and determined champions of the Reich idea than many Germans inside the Reich. Thereby we meet the recognition that the service of these men in the east is the steel bath of the Reich idea. The men who have fought over there with the Reich German SS against the Bolsheviks have cast everything behind, all the prejudices that still hamper their contemporaries who have not shared the unique, difficult front experience. In the struggle against our most difficult opponent, the Reich idea in all its radiant beauty is reborn. A European feeling of community is emerging which no longer knows the hesitations of the politicians stuck in the old state theories. These European volunteer SS leaders and SS men are the vanguard of the European front. They love their homeland, and because they love this homeland and are loyal to it deep down, they want as a prize of war a new world, organized by a strong Reich which alone is able to save their homeland and protect the living body of their folk. Certainly, these men hare minorities in their folks. World history, however, is

always made by the few men who have the courage to dare the new. The hesitants follow only later. One must page through the family history of one such volunteer in order to feel how powerful the idea of the Reich affects this youth. There is, for example, a Fleming. He fights in the ranks of the Waffen-SS. His father is a high-ranking Belgian colonial administrator and now stands in English service; his grandfather was a member of the Belgian parliament, a fanatical representative of French culture against the Flemish opposition of his own homeland. The grandson embraces the Reich and Adolf Hitler. What a break in eras declares itself! What a strong attraction is possessed by the personality of the Fuehrer! How powerful do the blood and the Reich ideas speak, that the young men of these folks declare themselves ready to die for this Reich, from which their ancestors have lived apart for decades, yes for centuries!

The European Task of the SS

The SS is hence growing more and more into its European task: It gathers the awakened European youth into the struggle against Bolshevism and the Jewish plutocracies. Whoever may think that the SS hence forfeits its original character or deviates from the strict principles of the Reich has no understanding of the

revolutionary idea of National Socialism, which sweeps across the borders of nation states. No one in Europe today believes, regardless of how the war may end, in the return of the artificial state system of Versailles, which owes its existence solely to the English interference in European affairs. It is understandable that through the impact of this war the veneer of a historical development, which often has only lasted a few decades, is wiped away and now the common roots of the European family of folks again comes to light. The fact of the Germanic wandering and the former Germanic settlement between the Baltic Sea and the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean and North Africa has formed the blood unity of Europe and created these folks arise on this same foundation. America and England have no genuine program for a political New Order of the European continent. They view Europe already today only as a colony, which they intend to economically exploit. Bolshevism has just as little to offer Europe in ideas. Marxism recognizes no real folk, just as little as it can accept the concept of blood into its dictionary. National Socialism alone affirms the roots of each genuine folk. It knows that only he who is loyal to his homeland can be loyal to the Reich. The revolutionary socialism of Adolf Hitler means for Europe not only a regulation of the relations of the European

folk to each other on the basis of the present struggle. From the world view of this movement alone emerges the creative strength of the rich fullness of possible bonds of the folks and nations of Europe to the leadership of a strong Reich. One must clearly see that an inner and an outer order of Europe can only stem from the depths of the National Socialist view of history. The SS already today forms the iron ring of those men who yearn with passionate hearts for the New Order of Europe under the leadership of a strong Germanic middle. Without the participation of these men the new can not emerge. It is as if our continent is shaken by a high fever; it is the birth pain of a new era, which wants to arise from the foundation of the blood community of the European family of folks and of a socialist order of their life together.

Whatever path fate may lead us down toward this goal and whatever setbacks may still be in store for us, the goal itself remains fixed. It is the only goal for which it is at all worth living and fighting for. The SS knows that everything must be employed so that the comrades from the European East grow together with it into a community of struggle just like those from the west. Intelligent treatment, a great measure of ability must be used to achieve this goal. The SS remains

uncompromising in its principles, in the accomplishment of its practical tasks creative and generous. It must be flexible enough to treat each folk according to its nature and history. It must be our task to form the European youth together into a hard and determined front. The western enemy is not ready to die for a higher world, because he does not recognize it. The enemy in the east has only brought the folks suppression and degradation. If there are inalienable human values, then they are defended by the front of the German army. On our side stands a new idea. To our side must eventually tip the scale of fate, if we remain hard and conscious of the entire historical responsibility of this struggle.

Who May Marry Young ?

by J. Mayerhofer

When the young SS men in the room got to talking about girls, it was usually not very proper. Today it was different. It was a serious conversation and remained so. That was because an older roommate had been given a book for Yule, which contained various serious life wisdoms, some of which he passed along to the younger fellows to ponder. It was a book by the 80 year old Lower Saxon author Gustav Frenssen entitled “Vorland”. The author meant the not yet won land in front of the dikes, the “new land”, but beyond that also the racial and moral future of our folk.

Hans, the older comrade, caught the youngsters - who often spoke frivolously about women and love - at a favorable hour. It was Sunday after lunch, the time of the “quiet before the storm” before they went to town. Hans first read this to them:

“The young T. wanted to marry and said to a friend: ‘I have a cousin with 3000 Marks’. Then he went off and married her. The young B. and his friend saw two girls walking in front of them on the way to the dance. They decided his friend would take the short one for dancing and wine and he would take the tall one, whom he later

married. The young S. desired a wife. One day he saw an open window and wound up marrying the girl who had left it open. The young R. initially yearned for the neighbor on the left, but when she ran away from him, he took the one on the right. That which comes together in this manner is called a sacrament by the Catholic church - in good German that means a secret of God's will. The Protestants say: 'What God has put together…' I think these are simply coincidences - and half of them unfortunate ones - which happen to young people who are not properly taught by parents or teachers or state, and who themselves, although grown up, have not opened their eyes."

"You all go to the village every Sunday", Hans turned and said to them, "and if the sergeant-major wasn't there, you would run off to the women every day, whom you do not even particularly respect, with few exceptions. Just remember the circumstances of how you met, and if by your doing you can extract from the villagers the judgment: 'The SS men know what they want with girls. They do not just want…, rather they are also selective and have taste and a sense of cleanliness, which is half of character.' - This or that quality, otherwise, 'No thanks'."

Hans had cut them down to size. But he had also matured them inwardly at the same time. They then

offered criticism based on what they knew of each other. The ones that more or less passed the test enjoyed letting the "caught ones" have it in a joking manner. The "offenders" allowed their Sunday hair to be messed up without resistance or to get their ears rubbed even redder than they already were from embarrassment. Hans was pleased about the good heart of the youths, which could be influenced by energetic words.

"Now listen to this passage", he said, and he read another section:

"The young man, even the deeper and more serious one, is between the age of 24 and 28 – when he selects his partner for the rest of his life – in his being still not mature, still unaware of his own essence, and still does not know life and the world. Everyone who knows the entire human life knows that a man of 37 is a totally different one than a man of 27."

"Since it is so - according to Frenssen - the 27 year old makes the most important decisions of his life - most important decision of his life… do you know what that is? - and usually does not recognize the really valuable young women, those who stand there in simple colors, pretty, strong, quiet and deep, created by nature and race specially to be the mothers and upbreeders of our race; rather they much more tend, according to their immature nature, toward the ones who colorfully glitter

with small talents and tricks, who approach them with small superficial charms.

"When these men of the most valuable kind, married, mature in the course of years, they recognize, more clearly from year to year, the kind of women who are valuable, yearn for and desire them, or soon have secret love affairs. And these valuable girls on the other hand, since they experience that they are not selected by the young men, and themselves cannot and do not want to live without love, and are, according to their own valuable nature, attracted to these valuable, mature men, go along with their desire of love. And so, in this manner, do on the one hand these valuable men live in ruined marriages, which greatly hurts their productivity, and on the other hand these valuable women either live without love in constant discontent, or remain (most of them) during the entire blossom and fertile period of their life a childless loved one. This condition is full of problems from the human standpoint, and from the folkish one of great harm."

"Full of problems from the human standpoint, and from the folkish one of great harm", Hans repeated with emphasis.

After he had finished, it remained quiet for a while. But then one spoke up: "But we cannot wait that long? How old are you, Hans? Late thirties? That's almost

middle age! The Reichsfuehrer SS, however, wishes us to marry young!"

"I expected this objection", Hans replied. "The author Frenssen did not mean that one should not marry before 37, rather he wants the young man to make every effort, as early as possible, to become conscious of real human values, which naturally goes hand in hand with you working on yourselves. 'Man, become essential!' did an important man once say.

"Do you think that the Reichsfuehrer wanted you to marry young so you could marry dumb? And so that you only open your eyes afterward? Do you think the Reichsfuehrer gave you a license for frivolity? You would be deceiving yourselves. It is a letter of trust! The Reichsfuehrer thinks that you as SS men are worthy and mature enough to fight for Germany, and if necessary to die. But if that can be demanded of you, then you can also be trusted to give Germany new life. The Reichsfuehrer does not mean to endorse each primitive love affair. He thinks, when he wishes you early marriage, about Germany, about children, but he also thinks above all about the worth of these children! If we today have hundreds of Oak Leaves recipients, thousands of Knight's Cross recipients and hundreds of thousands of other decorated soldiers - in addition to the crude material, which we also have - then just ponder where all that

comes from! You are today as your parents created you, and that means as your parents were. The future boys and girls, men and women, will be as you breed them, that means as you are and as your girls are too.

“And since the time of a soldier in war does not allow waste, so must you not throw away your time. - Can you talk with your girl seriously about such things, as I now speak with you? If not, if they are too dumb or soft for it, then gladly let them go. - But if they become serious and quiet when you tell them this, and if they look into your eyes, then something is there. But never stop testing them and hence yourselves again and again.”

One of the young fellows said: “I find it very difficult to properly solve this most important life decision of the right choice of wife. And so I find Frenssens’ idea of only marrying late really good.” Then the passes were brought into the room.

“Get ready, boys”, Hans exclaimed, “We have the same path for a ways, so we can finish our conversation.”

They walked out of the barracks into the open air. Fresh snow had fallen and the land smelled very pure. They walked together down a hill on which their quarters were located, in front of it a richly integrated landscape whose undying life lay protected under a crystal snow blanket.

“There is no doubt that precisely the Nordic man matures later than the man of the east or of the south, especially if by maturity one also means maturity of character, spirit and solidness. Body and soul are, according to our belief, in essence one and hence belong together. In and of itself a later marriage is natural for the valuable Nordic man. But I do not need to tell you that we today stand in the most difficult struggle for our racial existence since the beginning of the history of our folk. Our parents and grandparents generally had too few children, hostile folks on the other hand had four or five times as many! And now within half a century a second war already takes sacrifice from our blood-stream. So we must shorten the time span between generations. We have no choice and no otherwise so understandable considerations should prevent this. We must, on the contrary, aim for the young man, already early, to know and take his duty seriously. And we accomplish it through mutual help in this task. Those of like character among the old and young must stand by one another with advice and with action. The first is, of course, of the most passionate interest to you yourselves, namely the recognition that the task of wife selection is the one thing that is really important, so that everything else goes right by itself. The foundation of wife selection, however, is equality of birth, that means belonging to the same breed,

and within the same breed or race also compatibility in the most important traits of character and of spirit."

"Youth today at 20, but also because of time-determined reasons, is so unclear and undecided in questions of love and marriage", Hans continued. "But how can that be different as long as the media has been swamped for so long with so many frivolous notions about these things in order to satisfy the curiosity and lust of the thoughtless masses? Can it be different if our girls paint themselves and give themselves airs after the example of film starlets? Can it be different as long as the German boy thinks his girl must look just like this or that movie starlet, and vice versa, if the German girl selects her 'type' from the movie stars? Can youth understand what Nordic feeling between boy and girl, between man and woman, is, if all day long it only babbles and whistles stupid hit songs, hums and slouches, instead of singing German love and folk songs, dancing German and nurturing a lively, German social life? Only when we once again have a common, natural folk culture and a natural community life - cleansed of the foreign - in the clans, villages and towns, when everything works together to promote and to watch over the proper love of the youth of the folk, when marriage celebrations again become meaningful folk celebrations, then will even the youths at 20 probably pretty much know what they

should love and what they should avoid, and they will also know what responsibility toward ancestors, equality of birth and upbreeding are. And they will find the same ideas among their relatives and acquaintances, just like it was with our ancestors millennia ago. Read in the sagas, there you have the 'images of better times' of which our loyalty song sings! You are called upon to again awaken these sunken images to new life in that you produce children of *such* worth, with whom alone the emergence of such a Nordic-formed culture can be achieved. And do not forget, for that you need mothers who can succeed in raising the children in the spirit of such a culture and in preserving the living folk-lore that belongs with it."

Hans was finished with his Sunday sermon. He stopped and the group did so with him. They looked into the distance, and they discovered the snow nearby. Their warm hands grabbed in, and soon the snowballs were flying.

After an intense snowball fight they said good-bye and went their various ways. One of the young fellows remained with Hans, and both of them probably touched on many more questions.

Your Life Belongs To Your Folk !

by H. Kl.

In the diary and belongings of an SS man who killed himself, the following sentence is often repeated: “My life no longer has value!” What did he mean by that, and did he have a right to talk that way?

The SS man was 21 years old. His love - which had bound him with two different girls, one after the other, was not of a frivolous kind. He had sought a worthwhile union, an equal wife, who would give him healthy children in a lasting marriage. He gave up the first girl when medical examinations clearly showed the girl would remain infertile. But then, when a new dear love had bound him to another girl, he learned in the hospital that he *himself* through his own fault had become sterile. Since then the sentence about the purposelessness of his life was often repeated in his writings, and that he had lost everything he had lived, loved and fought for: the perpetuation in his children.

What this the SS man want to achieve through his suicide? Did he want to make up for his self-inflicted infertility or did he wish to escape a childless existence, which seemed poor and empty to him?

We will gladly leave the examination of these questions to the psychiatrists. For us SS men, in this case, as in all cases of suicide, only one question is necessary and important: Did the deed help or hurt the folk?

Nobody can deny that the deed of the SS man mentioned here caused serious damage to the folk. For through it nothing was atoned for or made good. Quite the opposite: not only did the SS man deprive his folk of progeny, but through his own death he also deprived it of himself and of his own work-strength and fighting-strength. Hence he added to his guilt.

There may be cases where a great guilt can only be atoned for through death. Then there is the case where the continued life of the guilty person can mean an unbearable burden for the community. In all other cases there is only one atonement and reconciliation, namely the total life effort for the community.

In his order of March 19, 1939, the Reichsfuehrer SS clearly took a position to suicide. Its says:

"At most 15% of suicides are committed for reasons that can be accepted, so for example the ending of life after a crime that hurts the community and tarnishes honor. 85% of the suicides, however, are committed for reasons that can never be accepted, such as fear of punishment, fear of a test, after reprimand from a superior, after an argument with parents, after the

dissolution of an engagement, out of jealousy, after an unlucky love affair etc…

"Suicides of this kind have nothing to do with heroism or heroic spirit. They are viewed by we SS men as an escape, as a desertion from struggle and from life itself.

"The SS had never had understanding for people who avoid struggle. Therefore I decree that in all cases where and investigation instigated by the superior clearly determines that the reason for the suicide cannot be accepted, that no notice be given to the death of the man, and that the SS does not participate in the burial."

Your life does not belong to you, but to your folk.

That for which we struggle is the protection of the existence and proliferation of our race and of our folk, the nourishment of its children and the holding pure of the blood, the freedom and independence of the fatherland, so that our folk may ripen toward the fulfillment of the goal given to it, too, by the creator of the universe.

- Adolf Hitler

One Must Overcome the "Dead Point"

The message of the following letter from a company leader must be understood quite literally. It applies to you and me and all of us very personally.

…Despite these difficult days we look toward the future with confidence. But one haunting thought bothers me often, namely that all too few Europeans are completely clear about the entire, in the final sense absolutely unconditional nature of this war. Certainly it is being spread around more and more. But the entire severity of the war only embraces all too few.

The Bolshevist wants to come to the west, and with him rides death - for all of us, no exception. We fight for existence or non-existence - all of us, we in the Reich and in all European lands. That which threatens us from the east is total annihilation; Bolshevism is the absolute historical negation of everything which we are, regardless of what one calls it. And the Russian is strong, especially in the one thing that has previously always decided conflicts: in spirit. He is so fantastically healthy; even the Bolshevik poison cannot hurt him. Instead is has the effect of a bacteria, which sets the previously

dormant strengths in motion, which then blindly but irresistibly follow an inner law.

Bolshevism is a really big event in the previously poor Russian history, something which has historically moved - and still moves - the broad mass of this giant folk. The Russians go into this war unhindered. We carry a rich heritage with us, which burdens us.

It is like the Fuehrer has once said: The last battalion triumphs; in other words, whoever fires the last shot wins, regardless of how the match may stand or where this last shot is fired. Whoever holds his weapon ready to fire and aimed at the opponent at five minutes after twelve, has won, even if he stands alone against a thousand.

Very bitter weeks lay behind me, weeks full of horrible experiences. But we soldiers here in the east experience a tremendous self-awareness and soberness about ourselves. We become cleaner, better, harder and healthier here. The soldiers who have already held out for over two years in Russia are the best men of our folk, by far the best. It is so: one should no longer train the recruits in German barracks with shower rooms, beds, lockers etc, but in Russian or Polish filthy nests. One should no longer assemble the divisions in Western Europe, but in Soviet Russia and in Poland.

Recently I picked up two soldiers who had become separated from their units. Ten days earlier they had been in Hague. It is completely clear to use here that one can not expect much from such people at first, regardless of how equipped they may be. But it is a shame about what all is lost in the first battles. This view is talked about more and more. Even units which have been in the homeland for a longer period for rest or re-training are no longer as good as they would be if they had never been there. One must first overcome the “dead point”: one must unlearn looking back, one must learn that the path to real and true life only leads along the detour of the defeat of the enemy, that there is no return.

The homeland is too beautiful for us; it makes us sickly, slack and weak. That has nothing to do with the morale at home. But with the effect of security and propriety in our whole life and our being; that is what makes us so sick when we look back into the Russian misery, into the aloneness and desolation of an unmerciful demand, which - so absolute - has probably only been made on the Athenians in their struggle against Sparta or Caesar in his battle with Vercingetorix.

One must understand that, even entirely emotionally, otherwise one succumbs to the tremendous pressure which falls on one spiritually. If one understands this,

then the pressure immediately disappears. In its place comes an ice-cold, active will to engage the enemy and to beat him at any price. During my assignments I have become acquainted with very diverse divisions, ones which have been in Russia without interruption since 1940, ones that were formed in Germany during the war, and ones assembled in France. The last ones have the most difficult time becoming accustomed to the unconditional nature of the Russian land in order to achieve a clear view for the gigantic possibilities of these spaces, which there await European creativity.

It buzzes in their head: “Back then in France!”, instead of to say, “Here I am, here I remain - and if it isn’t nice here, then it will become nice, that’s why I am, who I am!” All too few, unfortunately, say the latter. If we could firmly bite into the Russian earth… the Soviets would never drive us away. But unfortunately, all too few bite down firmly here; they dream of the end of the war back home, but not about the end of the war as a free man in the east. And that is a great shame. It must get to that. At that moment the Russian can set out to do whatever he likes; he won’t come a foot forward…

If we see the old world fall into ruins, then let us not ask all too much whether much of value, much that is irreplaceable, is also destroyed! That makes one sad and weakens the strength of resistance. Instead let us ask ourselves whether we still feel a spark of the strength in ourselves which enables us to rebuild the Reich out of our flesh and blood. If that is the case - and I know that the best among us possess this firm faith - then we will also have the strength to re-build the great works there where no old wall still hinders us - in the spaces of the east and over the ruins of the west. The cathedrals fell; their holy measure lives on indestructible in our blood. So we are free for struggle and will later be free, according to the eternal measure, to build the new citadels of a new time.

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To be simple and natural
is the highest and final goal.
- Nietzsche

Man is superior to material, if he opposes it with a great bearing, and no mass or great mass of external force is conceivable which cannot be beaten by spiritual strength. And from this anyone, who is capable of it, can draw the conclusion that in men, real men, values are alive which cannot be destroyed by shells or by mountains of explosives.

- Ernst Juenger

The Eternal Heart

The path back - that is what we called the path of the mothers and fathers, the parents, who had lost a son, often their only one; the path that is supposed to lead them out of desperation and loneliness back to life. Frau Marianne Harmitz from Saettin describes a meeting with a front-line soldier who reports such a mother's return:

It was in the train. Among the travelers sits a young soldier. His hair had turned gray. He has scarred wounds on his face and lines which only come from great shock. He was traveling on leave, for six weeks, as he said, and since one asked him how such a lengthy leave was possible, he gradually got to talking.

The badly wounded fellow had come from Stalingrad - where he had participated in the difficult battle almost to the very end - by plane ot the homeland and a hospital in Vienna. A reception which even moved us hardened men to tears. Incredible love, care, flowers, sympathy. In the next bed is my friend and comrade. At his side, silent and heroic, sits his mother, who sees her only child starting along the path into that wide, unknown land. Across from me is comrade H., who had lost and arm and both feet.

He is alone. Never does one see relatives by his bedside. Troubled and with silent sympathy, his eyes rest on the face of the mother. She feels it, and an invisible band of understanding wraps around her heart.

“Who is this young man?” she suddenly asks me.

“An irreproachable man and comrade”, I answer.

“Alone?”

“Unfortunately, yes, and poor.”

She becomes silent. I ponder what these questions - at this hour - probably mean. I know that she owns a large farm, that her husband is dead, and that there, next to her, the son, the heir, the name-carrier, is about to depart on his final journey. His life ebbs away more and more. She holds his hand, which becomes heavier and heavier. And one feels that her heart’s blood recedes, that she feels her life fade with that of her son, who was the content of her life and her first and final fulfillment. Quietly she still holds the hand when it is already cold; we lie silently and do not dare to breathe.

Then she rises and steps to our comrade, who watches her with wide eyes. They reach out their hands. She feels what the warm pressure is supposed to mean: his inner sympathy.

“Now I have a request to make of you, my dear fellow. You were the friend of my son; may I take you to be my

son? Everything will belong to you, everything…!" It is like a sob.

Ackwardly, he tries to kiss her hand. And to stammer his thanks. "That", so ends the soldier's report, "is what I experienced, and I know for what I return to the front when my leave comes to an end."

He had seen Germany's eternal heart: the German mother. He saw her overcome death in her greatest moment.

The Broken Hands

Master Riemenschneider was alone in his workshop. The twilight fell gently onto the figures that seemed to softly fill with life in the last daylight. Tilman kept his restless hands still and his eyes once again embraced the work of late. He stood up and went with a heavy pace to the Madonna-statue and - as it had so often before - it appeared to him again that he didn't face a dead woodwork, but a mysteriously beating being. He once again felt the gently falling draperies of the garment, noticed a familiar peculiar shiver pass through his body, which always came over him when he began to carve a loving and intimate face out of the soft, fragrant wood from the native forests. At work he always liked to be alone and he was bound neither by time nor by hour. Everything he saw and loved or hated in his life, he merely took in his hands in order to let it become a new being out of stone or wood and relieved from everyday live. For his wives it hasn't been easy to live by his side. He had married three times, but death had been a common guest and had kept grasping what he believed to own totally. At times it seemed to him that he was guilty, as if he had let his wives' lives, which had been so

special to him, flow too much through his hands into his work. They had always been like fountains to him, from which he could obtain strength and joy and occasionally also a bit peace. But they weren't really gone, and this was a good and comforting certainty for the master. Beauty and aristocracy arose from the material. He had fulfilled an unwritten law; bom out of nothing, he had made creation and faith in life visible in mute creatures. It has been a long way from the hard time as apprentice to the height of his work. He had seen many people and countries. Oh, the world was wide and the longing was growing the more he drank it in. But gradually peace even came over him. Wuerzburg surrounded the restlessness of his blood. Here he was sheltered.

The master calmly reflected on the whole of it and then he realized that the bygone time of the peasant-awakening was like a great river into which his longing could flow.

His thoughts once again went through the treasure halls of the ecclesiastical taskmasters, through the aspiring pillar walls of the high cathedrals - in all of them were his sculptures, monuments, altars, apostle-statues. Standing in these mighty stone-forests he always was happy, and he admired the master builders of the country who defiantly piled up such structures into the

sky. He also liked the bells that rang over the wide land with their heavy tones.

But something strange had lived involuntarily inside of him and now broke through. Why did the priests hang up Dutch gold and colored finery in there? Why did they sing in foreign prayers to God? Why did the money jingle in the cases seem to be the most important to the churches? Then wild distress came over Riemenschneider. He clenched his blessed hands into powerful fists. How often had the clerics forced him to form things his hands were reluctant to do. Still, I have gone as 1 wanted to, they couldn't oblige me; and while he was thinking, a cold sparkle increased in his eyes. He had used the people that surrounded him day by day as models for his work. Countrywomen, children from the city, men from the workshops and from the farmlands - he had placed them in the altars, and the Church had given them foreign names.

The prelate of the Prince-Bishop of Wuerzburg brought the master a new order. Riemenschneider's grumpy answer pricked up his ears. Then it burst eager and unrestrained out of him: "In the city a rumor is being spread, but I don’t want to believe… Master Riemenschneider! At all times the hellish powers have

had their place inside you. How else could you place the embodied Anti-christ inside the holy altars?"

Pressed and greatly astonished, the master asked: "Where... where is the Antichrist, Reverend Sir?”

He slipped the pale hands into the wide sleeves of his soutane and said cold, a bit scornful:

"In the corners of your altars squat peasants with vulgar faces, and you have carved a quite distinguished countenance for Judas in the Heiligenblutaltar in Rothenburg, so that it could be St. John. And on all crosses the thieves are missing, and", his eyes creeped up the master and he bent forward: "and all Mothers of God you carve carry the face of your young wife Elisa."

The master gave the reverend a slight and cool smile, raised the slim hands in refusal and said: "Yes, yes, I know what you want to say : ...And still today the brand of infamy, the first humans in the nude, are standing cheerful and innocent at the portal of the Marienkirche. I know what you think of my work, you’re saying that I didn’t stick to the Holy Scriptures. Now I have come to know that it is sheer risky to immerse oneself too profoundly into the Holy Scriptures. I just slipped off the false clothes that you have wrapped around the people and now this is annoying to you, because you see the truth.”

"Beware, Master counselor, woodcarver of the holy and only Church, she has the Lord's sacrament, she stands untouched above all people. Remain a servant of her! Don't become a henchman of the devil and his lackeys!"

The master didn't reply anything, but stared at the prelate long and scornful. As the heavy oak door slammed shut behind the departing churchman, Riemenschneider knew that the first big beam of the bridge he had crossed for decades had broken.

Tilman Riemenschneider had been in the country for some days. He visited friends and comrades of whom he knew that they were affiliated with the clandestine peasants' resistance organization. The silent revolt spread like fire. The peasants' need grew. But Tilman Riemenschneider took sides with them.

On top of the city wall of Wuerzburg the peasant-chieftains had been standing for hours awaiting the peasant-armies that were to arrive in the city. Till the rebellion they had hidden. When the alarm bells rang they came out suddenly and silently marshalled their men. Their matters stood well now. The archbishop had fled, he must have realized that his game was up. Soon the peasants were to come. The wind hit their faces like a chilly fist. The night creeped cool and long. Bermetter

moved up to Riemenschneider: "It takes a damned long time, the army's march towards Wuerzburg."

Darkness, coldness and waiting, continuously grew together more oppressive, more overwhelming.

A cry sounded through the black darkness. Hoof-clatter. A rushing rider. It was Mergentheim's courier. Out of his gasping breath they tugged words, at first only two, that insanely spun around:

"Everything's over... Everything's over!... Nothing is left of the peasant-armies." The stammering report about the fall of the last peasant-army burned into their fright.

Nothing was moving. The horror grew around the men as if they were surrounded by an impenetrable wall of flames. They thought they were choking. It was unbearable. Then someone gave a wild howl, like only a beaten animal is capable of crying.

But then it broke loose with a fury. A peasant-leader's call cried sharp through the turbulence of the disintegration:

"Riemenschneider! Riemenschneider!… Here, quick, a horse, we must leave Wuerzburg! When the bishop returns the victors will march into the city, and then our lives will be over. We're mud on their shoes! We… the last ones!"

And astonished at his rigidity: "What's up, Riemenschneider? Come!" Very faint, yet as hard as glass, came back his reply:

"I have made Wuerzburg great… l'll stay. I won't turn tail, and… and… where… would… I… go?"

Silence!

Only the night's black storm was raging. No stars were shining, no light of hope was warming.

The peasant-leaders thought better of it. They realized that any escape would have been needless. Sooner or later they would have been discovered, or they would have had to hide in the forests, but then they possibly could die of hunger.

The last peasant-leaders managed to hide for three days, then they were discovered and captured by the bishop's bloodhounds.

They crouched chained up in the deepest dungeons of the fortress Marienburg, their burning eyes focusing on the heavy darkness. None of them knew of the others. The air in the dungeon was foul and humid.

Tillman Riemenschneider almost suffocated in the blackness of the dungeon. Day by day passed, step by step, and many nights trickled away. Tomorrow was gone and the past had collapsed.

Suddenly footsteps were clanking in front of his stone-dungeon, or it could also be chains. The daylight dazzled Riemenschneider. He was roughly pushed forward. The flashy red of the executioners' doublets burned in his eyes. He entered the courtroom.

Above his humbleness the tribunal was enthroned. Black, distant, and belonging to another world. At that time he knew: Now here comes my harvest… the red harvest.

The accusation was read out by the city-bailiff. The clergy had surrendered the master to the secular court; she retained clean hands, for how could possibly bloodstained hands embrace the Holy of Holies? The Church was unblemished. She stood above the secular state that had to serve her and the secular state had to pass the sentence:

"Tillman Riemenschneider, sculptor, woodcarver, city-counselor and former mayor of the city of Wuerzburg, is accused of wicked treason to his sovereign and feudal lord, the noble Prince-Bishop of Wuerzburg. Because of disobedience and because he intended to open the city to the cringing peasant-heretics, he is given the sentence of death… But the Church..."

Riemenschneider barely listened. He looked through everything, and outside he heard a bird sing. Small bird,

he thought, I could have had use for your song yesterday and all the days in the dungeon, But arraignment and judgement carried on, word by word, approached him, touched him, grasped his heart like iron fingers and broke it.

"The Church is merciful in the name of the Lord, Riemenschneider will only by deprived, part of his possessions will be dispossessed, and by means of torture… his hands… will be… broken!"

Could the sun shine… the wind blow? Did the trees have the right to rustle and the birds the right to sing when this excruciating pain was being inflicted? Must not everything freeze with nameless horror?

And it was done!

Humans carried out a human sentence. When the torturers began their horrible act, the master dug his teeth into his lips. He didn't utter a sound. Then he fell into a whirl of glowing red circles.

So that never again as in the Middle Ages will our creative people be tortured – for this we fight.

Soul and Body

by L. E.

The late-classical, Christian concept holds that there is a deep difference of essence between body and soul. Both are of different origin: the body is of an earthy-materialistic source, the soul of a godly-spiritual origin. Both have a different fate: the body dies and decays, the soul is eternal and lives on after death. Both stand in the greatest contradiction of values: the body is the source of drives, of the base, of anti-values and evil; the soul is the carrier of the high and good and hence of limitless value. Between both gapes and unbridgeable gorge, they stand opposed to each other. The unholy body is the chain of the free, godly-spiritual high flight of the soul; it is its impure, earthly prison.

Our life feeling and our breed's natural feeling do not agree with these tenets of a dying and collapsing world:

We know that both - soul and body - are entrusted to us directly by the creator. Both equally are the manifestation of the eternally creating and wonderfully working godly nature.

We know that we have inherited both from our ancestors and that both live on in our children. We know that the decision of continued life or death of both is

placed into our hands with self-responsibility. We live in reverence that we are called upon to help preserve the creator's work and to proliferate it through the eras.

We know that the nobility and purity of our body is simultaneously that of our soul and vice versa. We know that whoever spoils his body also spoils his soul, that whoever decays his soul also marks his body. We know that we can only educate and form our soul along with our body and vice versa.

We know that essentially we are one and the same with our body and our soul, and that the sanctification of one is also the sanctification of the other.

Mother Earth - Fatherland

Therein lie sheltered the hope and faith, sacrifice and devotion, deed and work of countless generations. That is an inheritance, consecrated and made holy through the life and death of our ancestors, given to us as a strong and beautiful legacy. How many human hands have built, bravely and faithfully, on the great homeland house of our heart - Europe. How many have sacrificed, cared for, worked, starved, thought and suffered! Every hand-length of our earth has been tirelessly won and death-defyingly defended again and again. So did Germanic man slowly in the course of centuries mold the clear features of the villages, cities, citadels, cathedrals, castles, bridges, streets and roaring workshops into the landscape. That appears before our eyes when we say: Mother Earth - Fatherland. From this earth we have grown up, it encircles us, the homeland gives the strength of life. Often Germanic men did not recognize it and were not conscious of its value. But when they were surrounded by the foreign, it became painfully clear to them that the homeland is good and unchanging like a mother, never fleeting, always ready to take them up and nourish them with strength and faith.

It was a difficult path, until one man stood up and said with a clear voice that we had to grow beyond the love of the soil of our immediate homeland; it was a man who taught us to understand that precisely in the wonderful diversity of the tribal characters and landscapes of the Germanic lands is where the richness of our life lies, and that only in the understanding, appreciation, valuing - and love - of all by blood and culture related folks of Europe do we render the highest service to our own homeland. A great, holy homeland-house is it for us Germanics, and each landscape in it is a cornerstone, none may be absent, and only all together do they fit together into the eternal beauty of our great Nordic-determined living space.

Of the Same Kind

The railway behind Trondheim was destroyed, so the company had to march.

“Marching in Norway”, the riflemen thought while they cussed and threw their rucksacks onto their backs, “is like scooping water out of the sea: it never seems to end.”

But the country was beautiful, more beautiful than any other region they had seen so far, and they had got around a lot in Europe during this war. The street went up the hill, not suddenly, but rather in such an easy and charming way that one hardly noticed it while marching. Small dark lakes lay between the mountains, and the fields and meadows were so green - like in the grass like at home during Eastertide, though Whitsuntide had passed long since.

The company marched afresh into the morning, and after a short rest in the afternoon, they marched far into the night. Finally the point marching ahead saw the town; the march objective for this day was called Ogendal. But in this moment the company had a bitter disappointment, because the whole town, that lay so beautiful in the valley, was so thoroughly destroyed that only ruins could be seen. Not one house was standing any longer, just

now and then a wall, single chimneys and walls. Everywhere between the remnants it was smoking and smouldering. When the company made a stop on a meadow beyond the town, one of the riflemen who were who were camping here in the region said that yesterday there had been heavy combat here. The Norwegians had bravely offered resistance; in doing so the town had gone up in flames.

But the riflemen were tired of the long march and the captain made it brief. He pointed with his hand above to the heights, where the farmsteads were: “Every platoon one farm!”

The young blond lieutenant who lead the first platoon quickly looked at the surroundings: “I already have mine.” he said and turned back to his riflemen: “First platoon to the farm right be the three trees!” The riflemen turned their heads. Precisely the highest farm! But they did see that this farm was more beautiful and bigger than the others. Like a castle it stood up on the hill. The dark red beams beautifully suited the white-framed windows and all around lay an intact realm of meadows, fields and forest. Certainly it was good to stay up there.

The lieutenant gathered his platoon. The riflemen again lifted the rucksacks and then climbed up the path. Through the birch forest it went upwards. When the

fresh green of the trees opened up, the farmhouse already lay in front of them. The meadows were spread all around the building. The fields were freshly crushed. Everything seemed so clean and neat. Really, the farmer who lived here was a king in his empire. “We are riflemen of the second company” the lieutenant whistled happily, it was his favorite marching-song, “we fight and win, but we never retreat!” Then he let his platoon stop and slowly stepped up to the farm.

It was a broad and stately house. Over the massive entrance projected a slim roof, which was carried by two wooden pillars. The pillars had a delicate woodcarving, almost too delicate for the heavy gate. The very moment the lieutenant was about to put his hand on the door handle, an old man stepped out from under the canopy. His stature was big, so big that he was a good bit taller than the lieutenant, who actually was of good size himself.

The old man saw the soldier and grasped with both fists the doorframe, stood there straddle-legged and furiously shook his head. “Hello!” said the lieutenant.

The old man swallowed a couple of times and shortly said: “No”. It must have been the only word he could say in German, “No, no!” And his slim, square face looked unfriendly, and in his grey eyes stood a blazing rage.

The lieutenant smiled again and said easily: “You must lodge my platoon here for the night, forty men; those, find room in the house, here, the others in the barn!”

The old man clutched his fingers into the wood of the door post and stemmed his legs in the ground, as if he alone had to refuse admittance to the whole platoon that lined up in front of the house. Angrily he said: “No!”

The lieutenant called for the sergeant, and told him to see after the barn and prepare the straw for the camp. He would cope with the old man here all by himself.

The very moment the lieutenant had said this, the old man came forward a few steps and stalked into the house before the lieutenant, as if he had changed his mind.

The lieutenant stopped at the doorstep for a moment. He saw a broad, low hall in front of him, the walls were panelled with wood, above it were heavy black beams. The room obtained its light only from the door and lay partly in the dark. Only gradually could the lieutenant discern that men stood here, ten, twelve men, all so tall that they almost reached the low ceiling with their heads. All of them had the same unfriendly face as the old man.

Suddenly the lieutenant saw that the men stood around a stretcher. A dead soldier lay on the stretcher. The lieutenant took of his cap.

The men in the circle did not pay any further attention to him and silently looked down at the dead man. They didn't pray, they did not even move their lips. And the men's faces became rigid again, as if they were only together, but not to show each other their mourning.

The lieutenant saw the slim face of the dead one, which was as pale as wax. The eyes were closed. A broad grievous scar ran across the forehead. But the expression of peaceful rest lay on the face. The jacket of a Norwegian soldier was spread over the chest, and the cap lay on top of it. But at the foot of the stretcher stood the plow. Then the old man stepped up to one of the men and silently put a hand on his shoulder. For a moment the man looked up and lifted his head as a sign of having understood him. Then he turned to the lieutenant. "The farmer is dead", he said in good German.

The lieutenant shortly nodded his head in agreement: "We will stay in the barn," he said. The man repeated the answer is Norwegian. The old man listened and silently nodded his head.

The lieutenant went and accomodated his platoon in the barn. "Nobody is going to enter the house." he explained to the riflemen. "The farmer has been killed in action, probably during the combat yesterday morning."

When after a while the lieutenant again stepped into the house, he was attended by two soldiers, who were carrying a steel helmet and a gun. The old man was startled at first and the men raised their heads and faced the lieutenant. For a moment it was totally silent in the room. But the two soldiers stepped up to the dead man, saluted and stood at attention and with a hard grip set the guns down before them and stood guard.

At first the men had stepped back against the wall. Not until now did they realize what this was supposed to mean. The lieutenant faced the man who had appealed to him and said: “The farmer has fallen as a soldier. I assign him the guard!” Slowly the man translated word by word. The men all around bowed their heads in silence and it seemed to the lieutenant that their faces were not so hard and unfriendly as before.

But now a young woman, who had sat by the middle of the table, arose. She had a tall, slender figure and a free nature. It seemed to the lieutenant that he had never seen a more beautiful and more noble face.

The woman appeared in the door and looked for a moment at the dead man. Then she saw the German soldiers, who stood motionless at the foot of the stretcher, with the guns before them, one on the left side, the other one on the right side of the plow. They did not stand in

any different manner in front of the dead one that the other men did, and their faces had the same serious and severe expression as the other men's faces. The awe of death was over all.

The woman saw this and stepped back into the room. When she again came into the hall, she held a wooden trencher in both hands on which lay one of the thin Norwegian flat breads, and handed it to the German officer: The lieutenant knew the custom, broke off a piece of the bread, and ate it slowly. He knew that herewith he had become a guest in this farmhouse.

The next morning, when the platoon marched off again, the old man stepped up to the lieutenant.

"Thank you", he said, and the lieutenant recognized that he had learned this German word only for that very purpose. Then he called for the man who could speak German and motioned to him encouragingly.

"The Germans shot the farmer", said the man severely, emphasizing every word and looking sad.

"It is war", said the lieutenant. "It is war", the man repeated. And the old man who seemed to have understood the word, nodded in agreement. "It may have had to come to this", the man said again, and his face brightened up, "but I want to say this: no hate will remain!"

The lieutenant nodded his head wordlessly. He actually wanted to say something, but big words did not mean a great deal to him. For a moment he searched for a suitable answer.

At last he found the words he wanted to say. “We are of the same kind”, he said.

“That is right,” the man repeated, and now also the old man reached his hand over to the officer, “We are of the same kind.”

Today we know a sense of community which is far stronger than political or economic interests can explain. It is the sense of a community that is determined by the blood.

- Adolf Hitler

The Gold Medal for Bravery

When after the (First) World War the Austrian flags - which had been unfurled into the wind in all directions throughout Europe on innumerable old and new days of victory for the empire - had to be lowered in honor, no cadet carried them high and waving into a common temple of dignified memory. Just as the great nation had burst into six or seven parts, so did they find their place of rest here and there, where they rustle imperially as soon as the wind blows from the battlefield on the Kahlenberg (battle against the Turks), several also in Hungary, some in cities which all of a sudden belonged to countries that formerly only had the privilege to see the satin, bullet-riddled flags after they had surrendered to them. Strangely did the standards hang in various halls, and when at some distant time during a silent night the last colored frazzle flutters from the poles like a moth to the ground and falls to dust, their fame will still be great.

Just like the flags, which had been placed into the dark, so too were none of those who had marched in their army's field-grey uniform for four years permitted to exhibit their decorations for bravery, if their residence

was located in one of the new countries. The returning soldiers slipped their medals, crosses and ribbons into chests or behind the laundry. Yes, they could only keep the decorations for bravery in the dark; and so sometimes an old warrior would stretch out his hand towards them, when he accidentally caught a glimpse of them, in order to feel them, the presents of an empire, before slipping the indignant jingling things back into the dark.

This same thing also happened to a sergeant, who had earned the gold medal for bravery at the San in the Carpathians - first the small one and before long the big medal for bravery in silver and later in Tyrol the bronze medal, and moreover die "Karl-Truppen-Cross". He was a man who look delight with weapons, whom nothing could have pleased more than to stay with the company until death, in Galicia or Trient, in Bosnia or on the "Schmelz", he wouldn’t have cared where. But as a German, whose native land was in the shadow of another nation's impetuous, far-reaching greed, he stepped just like the flags and medals into the dark and became a farmer, and not a bad one indeed... just that he reached more often than others behind the laundry into the closet to pull out the five medals in order to let them tinkle on his palm.

He took a wife, cultivated the fields, procreated a child, and when it was being born and he saw how desperately his wife grappled with the labor pains, how the midwife intervened on behalf of the woman yelling "mother" like so many he had seen dying on the battlefield, then without being aware of it, he snapped his heels together, his heart beat loud, and his forehead broke into a sweat; he felt that here he couldn't do anything else but to stand at attention… or else he would have had to squat in a corner and cry piteously.

But as the child in the cradle croaked and the woman smiled overjoyed, the gratefully relieved man had a curious inspiration, an inspiration which he never would have had if his army were still marching under flags and drums, because no sergeant has ever had the right to confer medals and honors onto a person; but now that army and medals were gone and in the dark, he had the idea to act like a supreme commander and reward the death-defying struggle. He twirled his moustache, stepped to the closet, took out the five medals and looked at them long. Because his knees were still trembling, he was inclined to give his highest and most splendid decoration, but then he considered that the child was only a girl; he shook his head and selected the big silver medal, which sparkled on die white and red

striped ribbon, and attached it to the mother's nighty. May the laughing mother refuse, may the midwife press her hands with an earthy bellow on her belly, the medal now was awarded and lay day by day, until the woman in childbed had recovered, on the night stand, and all those who came for a visit could see that the sergeant honored his wife the same way he himself had been honored in the past. Later he did not put the medal back into the closet. It did not belong to him anymore, to a soldier standing in the shade, which was how he felt about himself; it was now his wife's property, and he almost begrudged her the medal. She didn't really understand, nevertheless she had to care for the decoration of honor from now on herself, not in the dark off course, from which it had come to the fore, round and twinkling like a star, because of the new life. She lay it in a plate of cut glass on the sideboard and there it could be resplendent.

Soon a second child arrived, and the father rewarded his wife with the small silver medal, and a year later with the bronze medal, because again both were girls. Even in the fourth year this didn't change, although the mother almost died during the childbirth; but the sergeant - now already like a real general, who also often does not perceive the true merit - did by no means give her the

gold medal for this, but his least distinction, the "Karl-Truppen-Cross".

When after this a fifth and sixth girl were born, his wife's bravery seemed to have become something ordinary for the man, not worth an appreciation, just like, as he meant, some of his own heroic exploits also remained unnoticed, and so justice demanded that he did not make a great fuss about such a blessing of female descendants anymore, and he was even permitted to crab and grumble about it, until finally in the eight year the boy came, so easy and effortless, so fast and almost without pain for the mother, that fairness demanded that she should have had a decoration taken away rather than be given a new one; but it was a boy, and there stood the father next to the bed with tears in his eyes, and he laid the gold medal, the highest-ranking of Austria, onto the chest of the woman in childbed, and she, who had always laughed about these honors, became serious and cried overjoyed about the child, and also a little about the medal.

Strictly speaking, she had deserved this decoration long since. But considering that it had called for most exceptional heroic deeds to win this medal, and bearing in mind the flags were the witnesses of so many continent-shaping hours in history, it was only right that

the most exquisite reward for bravery had been taken out of the dark and laid onto the light milk and future-giving breast of a mother only for a boy… for what a transitory man's game would be glory and flags, medals and empires, would not at all times a new suckling boys' lips find their first heroic nourishment at such full breasts.

To Remain Pure and Become Mature

by a Young SS Man on the Eastern Front

It wasn't long ago that we used to consider purity and maturity as something curious; we even used to laugh at the notions. Wasn't the rigour of battle our first command and purity something for young girls? But we have since changed. Now we see with different eyes and no longer derive the strength for our deeds from the storms of youth alone. The protractedness of the war has given us a deeper strength of endurance and rigour. Now we create strength from things, to which we used to never even give a thought. Today we are able to behold our home, the beauty of a field flower, and the smile of a child with eyes made wiser by the pain of loss and the consciousness of danger.

In short, we have grown up. In the middle of the destruction all about us, appears the one objective as substance of our purest longings and sacrifices: the Reich. And the path to this objective leads by way of warrior manliness.

The harder the fighting for our objective is, that much more unbending is the demand for purity of our will, integrity of our character, and unambiguity of our behavior. The highest manly ideal must be embodied, if

the Reich is to be attained, for the Reich represents a New Order of man; of families, of clans, and of individuals. And warfare is waged for this New Order.

We first perceived the thread of complete extinction in this war to the highest human denominator during the battles in the east. Surely the demands of race preservation are only a zoological affair, if preservation of Aryan spirituality and culture are not included therein. Even so, our answer to the annihilation of man in the world is not only warfare and resistance, but also our own transformed lives, and manliness and purity are the strongest weapons in this warfare. Yes, pure in the highest sense were the dead who sank at Langemarck into the Flemish soil; pure were the fallen who yet lie in unmarked graves in the east; and pure were also all those who in the hour of Germany's greatest need hearkened to the call of the first years of this war.

So is also our national hymn "Germany, Germany over all" to be understood: not as a battle cry of triumph, but as the deepest obligation to build a higher order of man and as the mentality of pride the grandeur of the calling to be warriors for this New Order in the world. This mentality liberates us from the manifestations of decadence, which we behold at every turn: self-interest, profiteering, and political jobbery. It is not a matter of

just keeping one's own slate clean for appearance's sake - an altogether bourgeois consideration - but it is a matter of consciously rejecting all superficiality as a mark of baseness, of doublespeak and infidelity as unworthy in marriage as it is among one's comrades, and of all obscenity and licentiousness as entertainment. Why? Because all of that opens the way for the enemy to enter and obtain a foothold. To remain pure also means to have conscience and solicitude, and to practice kindness and comradeship.

An irrevocable answer is thus demanded from each of us with regard to every aspect of our being. The more we realize the we are working toward a social and political New Order, and the more we embody the consciousness that alone in the service to the Reich does our nobility lie, in that degree will it become clear to us, that only they can exercise and retain dominion in this world who have kept themselves pure - even in the face of error and disgrace.

We have seen comrades fall right next to us who were young and quite unfinished. That filled our hearts with grief and discouragement. It is then, however, that we experienced the truth that fulfillment in life is not a function of the quantity, but of the quality of the years, which we have been given. This is so, because every

living man, woman, and child can obtain the crown of life: to die for the fatherland.

Life without pure desire is meaningless. So it is that we deeply embrace Goethe's saying: "To live for pleasure is base; the noble live for law and order." We cannot precisely know whither we climb in this struggle and what form and condition await us on the mountain peak above, but the Reich is an immediate mission, which we can presently recognize and fulfill. And to be innerly equipped for this task requires purity and manliness.

Note the bourgeois soldier, who enthrones every false and impure god. Perhaps such a one ignorantly despises purity and manliness, because all he has ever been exposed to are the empty forms of these virtues and never their racially spiritual content. In any case, only he is a true man, who roots the threads of his soul in the foundation; in the extremity, which alone engenders love of family and fatherland, in a faith in the divine law operative in the life of his race, and in the willingness to keep on marching serenely to one's death, because he knows the meaning of that death as highest sacrifice to God.

To be master means to be mature, to have spiritual insight, to look beyond appearances, to do the necessary, and not to lose one's faith in the process. Not because we

have power and weapons in our hands do we enjoy a certain rank in this world, but because we are actual warriors for the Reich. This means that we have chosen: responsibility, discipline, accountability, reverence and kindness - i.e. to become a stronger man and a new creature, and not to let the world prescribe its “law” for us. We are masters, because we stand in relation to the world as instruments in the service of a higher order. This recognition makes us mature without respect to age. Eighteen year olds have in this manner and through the rigour of war been made into men. The hour of trial was not found them wanting, but rather testifies, that they have indeed become mature.

That was quite a Fellow

by Heinrich von Klein

On my journey to Frankfurt an innkeeper in a village near Jena told me how - several hours after the battle when the town had already been totally abandoned by the army of the Prince of Hohenlohe and was surrounded by the French, who had thought it was occupied - a single Prussian trooper appeared in the town. The innkeeper assured me that if all the soldiers who had taken part in the battle had been as brave as this fellow, the French would have been beaten even if they would have been three times as strong as they actually were. Here's the innkeeper's story…

Totally covered with dust, this fellow jumps off his horse in front of my inn and cries, "Innkeeper!"

When I ask, "What's up?", he answers, "One glass of brandy!" and while throwing his sword into the scabbard he adds, "I'm thirsty."

"God in heaven!", I say, "Will thee, my friend, not flee?! The French are close to the town!"

"Now, now!" he says, and while placing the bridle over the horse's neck explains, "I haven't had anything all day!"

"I believe you are possessed by Satan!", I tell him.

“Hey, Liese!”, I call, and she gets him a bottle of “Danziger”.

“Here!”, and I want to give him the whole bottle so that he will ride on.

“Tut, tut!”, he says as he wipes the sweat from his forehead, “Because I don’t have any time!”

“You are a child of Death!”, I exclaim.

And again I say, “Here!” as I pour him a drink, and I try again to give him the whole bottle so that he will ride on. “Drink and ride on! To your health!”

“One more!”, says this fellow as the shots already ring out on all sides into the town.

“Another one? Aren’t you worried?”, I ask.

“One more!”, he insists as he wipes his beard and blows his nose from up on the horse, “Because it will be paid in cash!”

On my soul, I wanted him to…

“Here!”, I say as I pour him a second drink as he desires. And after he finishes it, I pour him a third drink and ask, “Are you satisfied now?”

“Oh!”, the fellow shakes himself, “The brandy is good!”

“Well!”, he says as he puts on his hat, “What do I owe you?”

“Nothing! Nothing!”, I reply. “Clear out, in the name of the devil, the French are already entering the town!”

“Well,” he says while reaching for his boot, “So God will reward him.” and he takes out a short-stemmed pipe from his boot and says, “Get me fire!”

“Fire?”, I ask, “Aren’t you concerned?”

“Fire, yes!”, he says, “Becauyse I want to light a pipe of tobacco.”

“You are possessed by legions!” I exclaim.

“Hey, Liese!”, I call the girl, and while the fellow is stuffing his pipe, the girl gets the fire.

“Well!”, he says, holding the pipe he has just lit in his mouth, “Now the French are going to be in trouble!” And while pushing the hat over his eyes and grasping the bridle, he turns the horse and draws his sword.

“You are a devil of a fellow!”, I exclaim, “A damned, bewitched rogue! Will you in the name of the hangman clear out to where you belong? Three soldiers - don’t you see them? - already are stopping at the gate!”

“Fancy that!”, he comments while he spits and views the three soldiers with flashing eyes. “If they were ten I still wouldn’t fear them.” And at this moment the three Frenchmen are already riding into the town.

"Basso Manelka!", the fellow shouts as he sets his spurs to the horse, and rushes toward them; he jumps on them, as true as God is alive, and attacks them as if he had the whole corps of Hohenlohe behind him, in such a manner

that the soldiers, uncertain whether more Germans may be in the town are - against their habit - startled. And before one could turn his hand, he slams the three out of their saddles and seizes their horses, and with them in tow he flits past me and yells, "Bassa Teremtemtem! Well,

now you see, Mr. Innkeeper! Adieus! Good bye! Hoho! Hoho! Hoho!”

The innkeeper marvels, "I have never seen such a fellow In my whole life!"

Publication Year

UNKNOWN

Quotations

What was given to the individual by nature, he must pass along as a contribution to his folk. There can only be one right in this community; it grows from the fulfillment of one's own, allotted, highest duty.

- Adolf Hitler

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All the nations which fought in the world war honor the "unknown soldier". In Paris he rests beneath the "Arc de Triomphe". In London he sleeps his final sleep under the black marble of Westminster Abby. In Berlin he resides in the Reich Chancellor Palace. Germany is the only land in which the "unknown soldier" is not dead, but lives.

- Frederik Boek
Swedish Academy, Stockholm

When the war is over we will experience strange things. A New Order will be created in Europe, and work will take the place it justly deserves. One of the peculiar manifestations will be that one will no longer view America as the new world, rather Europe as the new world and America as the old.

According to the Danish newspaper *Faedrelandet* of June 22, 1941, issue number 170, these words were recently spoken to an American journalist of Hearst Press by the Duke of Windsor, the former English king.

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National Socialism forms a folk community which begins with the child and ends with the old person. No one can silence this gigantic symphony of German life.

- Adolf Hitler

Misunderstood Comradeship

Comradeship is as polymorphic as life. Thousandfold are the examples which display it. It is the bond which holds together real fellows. Without true comradeship, genuine soldiery is inconceivable. But it always serves a higher goal, the entirety, the community. Its moral strength comes from the strong heart, from responsibility, from the unflinching feeling of being fatefully bound to a folk and homeland. Where it deviates from this moral concept, it takes on an egotistical cloak, it is morally flawed and harmful to the community.

Certainly a SS-Obersturmfuehrer serving as depot commander succumbed to such misunderstood comradeship. When it was discovered that within his command the cashier had slaughtered several pigs without authorization and unjustly distributed or shipped large amounts of the meat, he did not check out the mistake, rather he tried to influence the investigating officials to refrain from further inquiries. Furthermore he induced the involved SS men to give sworn statements that they had not received any meat.

The cashier was sentenced to prison and the depot commander - for not reporting the criminal acts of

subordinates and contriving false reports - to a prison sentence.

The behavior of the cashier represented a serious harm to the German folk. The depot commander - out of misunderstood comradeship - had sought to hide the abuses instead of ensuring order. Whoever covers up harms the entire folk and undermines his own authority.

The Last Will of an SS Man

SS Corporal Leo R., in civilian life, an assistant teacher in a large Silesian city, died in a military hospital as a result of wounds suffered on the Eastern Front. He left behind a kind of "last testament", a letter to his family, which he had written on the day he joined the Waffen SS. This letter shows a deep insight into the view of life of an exemplary National Socialist, educator and soldier. It belongs to the eternal testaments of faith of our time, which will have an exemplary effect on future generations and show and explain to them the deeds of their fathers.

If I should remain on the field of battle or return in a condition where I am incapable of reason, then may this last testament serve as a summary for my family and clan.

I do not want conflict to arise because of material things. Later there will be a Germanic right, in which the heart also does the right thing. That is already a guideline. I want, regarding all questions of world view or ideology, for things to go as my wife and I agreed. I especially wish no interference in the ideological education of the children. We all stand in the great hand

of faith we have and will continue to try to form. The life of our people is holy to us. We want to follow the wonderful rule, to be one people, that is the religion of our time.

I want my relatives to have some token to remember me by. In our clan, the heart is so strong, so that a just measure will naturally be found.

I wish from my entire heart for my wife to remarry, if she believes she has found a new life-comrade. Knowing her, I know that the children will also find a good fate.

I request of the friends of our clan, be godparents of the children and the friends of the family… that they fulfill the law of true friendship, which makes one happy and giving.

I wish that my children recognize their mother as their most precious treasure, who gave them life. Aside from that, the folk should be law and guideline. They should always be simple, loyal and true.

I thank my wife. Words are too small. She may know that my heart is moved when I think of the wonderful depth she has given to my life. I also hope that fate will allow her to have that which has been denied me. May concern and pain quickly go away. May she think of me with a joyous pride. She gave more.

Dear wife! Ponder our time together and go with full strength into the future. If there is holy salvation, then it is provided with my heart's blood.

Hold the ancestors in reverence. Be true to the folk. May our people find a happy future.

I also thank my parents, who often had to suffer because of me. May they know all this happened while I was struggling to clarify the deeper aspects of my existence. My love will always belong to them.

May you all feel how I give you my hand, so that your strength will grow and you will be happy. Believe me, my heart's desire is always to see you happy, so be it.

On the eve of the journey on which I'm allowed to join the long columns of those for whom only the deed counts.

Leo R.

One stands alone in the night,
burdened with heavy duty,
he thinks back on the watch,
of the dead comrades.

He feels, that one walks to him,
soldier from other days,
who already suffered the most bitter fate,
and quietly he hears him say:

Comrade!

And only this one word.
They are silent and they look.
The second goes, a shadow, away,
only at the early morning dawn.

- The Journey
by Herybert Menzel

Regarding

The Behavior of the Soldier

Towards Foreign Women

You are an SS man. That means you are not a mercenary who is recruited to fight for something simply for a salary, even if it is of no other concern to you. AS an SS man, you represent the SS, a community, an order within your people, whose special tasks are the keeping pure of the blood, the elevation of the worth of the race. When you stand in a foreign land, with a weapon in your hand, you thus have a double duty: you must represent your people and you must be worthy of the SS.

However, you behave unworthily when you - wearing the uniform of the Fuehrer with the badges of the Waffen SS - run around in taverns and restaurants with those girls and women who do not share the pain and concern of their own people, who do not notice the pain of their people, simply because they lack any feeling. These are not the decent women and girls of these foreign people. That's something you can take for granted. For those girls whose brothers, and those women whose husbands, have been defeated by you and your comrades would certainly not want to throw their arms around you. You also know what types of harm can befall you from such careless association.

How can you claim the right of unavoidable hardness, if you let yourself go? How can you maintain a clear view and a proper bearing, if you lose your self-respect? Many of you had opportunity in this war to assume more responsibility than you would have ever been able to have in peace time. You must all prove yourselves worthy of this responsibility. We know that you are brave in war. But you also have to learn to be calm, disciplined, and moderate, even when you are not standing in formation. That is what we hope for the sake of our people's future.

What should you do after you have read these lines? I'll tell you. You have to have clear eyes and an honest heart. You know what I mean. You know how I mean this. Perhaps you also know this or that comrade who has not behaved like he should have. Until now, you just looked away and figured it didn't concern you. Believe me, it does concern you. It concerns all of us. First try the way of true comradeship: take your friend to the side and speak with him clearly and reasonably. Tell him what it means. Tell him of the fatal hour our people find themselves in. Impress upon him, that the Fuehrer cannot relinquish a single man.

Always remember that the months and years you wear the uniform with the SS Runes will remain unforgettable for the rest of your life. For a German, these are the most decisive years in life. Not only because the young SS

volunteer matures into a man, or because his chest becomes broader, or his step more certain, or his sight more keen. His spirit is also formed. And he learns in the SS community something that will always remain with him: order, discipline, conscientiousness, punctuality, sacrifice and a sense of duty towards the community. Do not spoil this memory by not doing your duties the way your people expect from you. If you disregard this, you hurt yourself more than anyone else.

There was once a time which pronounced “the right of one’s own body.” That was the period that gave its blessing if a black man married a white woman or if a German married a Jew - the time that also protected those who killed the unborn child in its mother’s body if its arrival would inconvenience the parents. The champions of that time, whom we have already overcome through the struggle of the Fuehrer in Germany, now stubbornly stand on all fronts against us.

If you believe that you can do with your own body and your own blood, whatever your desires wish, then you help the enemies of our people and of our world view. You are only the master of yourself in reality when you can bring up enough strength and pride to live within the laws under which your people, your SS, and you yourself are assembled.

Whoever spoils his blood,
ruins his people.

The most private things of the individual are the most public things of the community. For the most important thing is decided in them: the physical existence and future of our people.

- Wilhelm Pleyer

Of Child

Is there a deeper joy than the joy of having a child? Do you know one? I do not! It is a joy to the eye. A joy to the ear. A joy for your caressing hands. It is a kind beat to your heart. Yes, it moves your entire existence so that you have no word for it. Certainly there is no deeper concern.

The worries are many.

The child who is born to you, and who develops and grows as his inner spirit wills it, is part of you. But it still goes its own way. You feel responsible and still can do nothing. Neither to help it nor to hurt it. You continue yourself in the child, but it still acts according to its own will. What concern could be greater?

And it never stops. You are concerned about its nature, and if it will be a good one. You are concerned about its health. You are concerned about its mistakes. You are concerned about its accomplishments. You are concerned about its choices. You are more concerned about its life than your own. You are even concerned about its worries. So deep, so endless, so all-embracing is your concern for your child.

But you yourself also become much deeper through your child. Your devotion and concern for the child is your secret life value. This value is your nameless joy. This joy is your nameless pleasure. And if your concerns are lifted in that they prove not necessary, when they are stilled because that which is anxiously desired comes to pass: If it lives, a thousand little sprouts spring out just like on a spring tree, its good nature is just like the dawn of a good day. Your nameless pleasure finds its crowning with a joy you can feel in your very body. Your joy rises in the clear light of your consciousness of the value of your child. And this passes into the glorious realm of pride - what joy can be deeper than that?

You hear other things about a child. You hear that it is a burden. You hear that it is a responsibility. You also hear things that are more healthy and upright. You hear that it is a question of convictions. And, what is certainly the most incontestable of what your hear - it is a duty towards the folk, it is an act of responsibility, and an acknowledgement of trust.

But I tell you, it is wise for you to have a child for no other reason than for love. And that you love your child for no other reason than joy.

Work honors the woman as it honors the man. The child, however, ennobles the mother.

- Adolf Hitler

God Only Lives in Proud Hearts

A writer of our time, whose work has been highly praised by the nation, wrote as his belief the pitiless words: “Only men who need God pursue God. Whoever does not need Him, does not pursue Him. Even those who consider God, need him.” Only people who need God pursue God… is that so? Is God, however one views him, the God of the burdened and those filled with darkness in life, a deception? Something we cleverly made up in order to cope with the world, which we are not satisfied with in its true form as it really is? Is praying always a request, an act of comfort of our powerlessness? Many pray in order to request, and many pray to give themselves comfort - but the God of comfort is not our God.

When we acknowledge the principle: “God only lives in proud hearts,” then we mean a different God than the one who is comforting, or at least a different way of relating to him. Because we believe that God and courage and strength really belong together and that those men also pursue God who do not need him, leastwhile out of fear.

It is possible that a young man, after helping a band of comrades heroically resist enemy forces and suffering bitter hours hanging on a thread between life and death, that such a man, after the danger has passed, would express his feelings in a cry, indeed that he would curse! However, it is more likely that he would pray, and indeed, in a very ardent and passionate manner. We are moved not so much by whether and what the person who has been so moved says - we are moved that a man in the most serious moments of life still looks in awe upon something greater, upon an incomprehensible whole, and confirms an all-powerful faith. The man rises above such visible, comprehensible, useful things. He lifts himself above all individual things and achieves a consciousness of the world, of the mysterious knowledge of the incomprehensible experience into which we are born, and from which we are torn from death at the appointed hour without being asked. The force and greatness of man, however, is that he has been born through no will of his own, and still does not live in arbitrary existence. Even in his early years, he is increasingly courageous, as he looks upon this existence as a seeker, asking 30, 60 or 90 years of life actually mean. And it is this: loyalty, love, comradeship and courage.

It is the mercy and the curse of humanity that to this day, no one has found an easy answer to the question or

to such thoughts. And that no one may find them. God is no “x” who can be calculated with exact certainty from any type of calculations. He is not a simple fact for us mere humans, but rather a question. And to be able to again and again ask this question, to be aware of the certainty of our existence, of the conditions of our existence, without being broken down by these thoughts, and without being exhausted by them… that appears to us to be the most beautiful and fertile courage of the spirit, which we can think of.

It does not mean a lot just to live. All that is born goes through a short span until death, and fights for food and shelter and drink. Such a step out beyond this circle of life, to affirm it freely or to deny it, that is the pride and ability of our humanity. We become true men through this nobility and through this pride. There is no point at which thought comes to an end. Everyone who has the daring to have such a healthy and joyous feeling for the world and for God in his heart is indeed wonderfully austere and alert. How should he become bourgeois, small or low? There is a level of things to which he must again and again rise up and fight his way up to: It is not him, but the *all* of creation as wide and as deep as it appears to men.

We require such an exultation and frankly admit that we need it, namely the elevation from the all-too-

tenacious and the all-too-timid. We want to be uncomfortable and unsatisfied, as if we would eventually discover the clouds and the seas, discover the secret of life with its hundred-thousands and millions of manifestations. We ask the stars, who put them in their wonderful play of rising and falling? And we ask the water, into whose distances and deepness it wants to flow? We are strong-hearted enough that we do not flee from the eternal “where from” and “where to”, and we do not accept even the most exact account of nature as a completely exhausted explanation of its reasons.

Our awe over the depth of the world should not be taken away by fact, not even by the struggle for naked existence. We do not want to become either meditative natures nor divided men, rather we want to take up life with a free mind, the daily and often so bitter, as well as that which sheds light and gives meaning. The God to whom we give our trust is in accordance with our hearts. He is our own heart and knows ours when it is open and affirmative in the world.

God lives in us, because we continually explore the spirit of the forces in his world and strive to make them our own. Does it not require a wonderful pride and an honorable courage to undertake such a conquest of the world and of God? Does it not also require a noble stead

fastness and consciousness to assert ourselves as men before the mighty God?

We praise God and his worldy creation more faithfully the more proud and confident we appear in it. The laughing eye, the agile step, the spirit that is truly able to take joy and to lift itself, genuine youthfulness, genuine manliness, steadfastness, love, comradeship, those are the standard bearers of God. And here again we join in the spirit of the author, whom we mentioned at the beginning and who ended the affirmation of his poetic belief with these words, which represent a duty for all of us: “God is carried into the world by man.”

The Almighty will be the just judge.
Our task, however, is to do our duty,
So that we can stand before him
as the creator of all worlds
according to the law he gave,
the law of struggle for existence.
- Adolf Hitler

Lifetree and Worldtree

Transformation of an Aryan Symbol

There are still areas in Germany where one still sees tombstones from the 17th century, upon which the death of the person is portrayed in a very particular, but illuminating manner.

One sees, for example, in relief upon the tombstone a bunch of flowers, a brush growing with thick and beautiful roses. Death in the form of a skeleton sits next to it and with a sarcastic expression breaks off the prettiest flower. No one can fail to understand the meaning of this picture: just as the bloom is scornfully broken, and is removed from the life stream that governs both it and the bush, in just such a manner did this person also die, for whom this gravestone stands.

Sometimes it is a tender melancholy, a fine and almost reconciliatory disposition, which is represented in this picture. On other gravestones, it is a wild, almost roguish shakeup. One sees Death always portrayed as an ugly skeleton, chopping down a tree. A deep chunk has already been cut out of the tree. The destructive result is clear.

Other pictures show the tree already fallen. Then lightning crashes down out of the clouds. In each case,

one hears the clear message: “Just as the tree fell, so will you fall, child born of flesh!” There is no doubt that the tree is here meant to represent the lifetree of the deceased, and that the life of this symbol is representative of the person’s life, and that its destruction means the death of the person to whom it belongs.

Human and tree are shown here in deep interrelationship, with a deep inner bond. The tree is no picture of reality, no portrayal of nature or cultural work for aesthetic consideration. It has a meaning, which perhaps more or less consciously understood in the mind of the 17th century woodcutter - actually goes back to the primeval depths of our beliefs. The wide distribution of this idea of this “lifetree” can only be guessed at here. The mythology goes back to the earliest beginnings of Indo-Aryan traditions, back to the world ash-tree of the Yggdrasil. The tree lives on in the sagas of the house-tree, guardian tree, and of the tree that is planted for the newborn. One suspects it even in the fairy tales, such as the pleasant one about the Juniper or of the apples of life. It is found in songs and customs from the May tree to the Yule tree, which is nailed on the house roof and kept over the year. In each case, the life of a person in a family is mysteriously bound to the flourishing of such a tree. It is, therefore, really a “lifetree”.

It could appear that the sad, woeful 17th century, which so often and so painfully experienced the roguish acts of death, could perhaps be the point of origin for the tales of such fallen trees. But that is not so. The concept of death cutting down a tree of life goes back much earlier. A woodcutting in the songs of Sebastian Brant, produced shortly after 1500, already showed such a picture. Interestingly enough is the fact that this tree does not represent a single man, but many people who sit in the tree and who fall down from it into a ditch before the tree, which has already been hacked, falls.

The final picture of Niklaus Manuel's death dance is even more clear. Many people sit in the besieged tree. They are shot down by Death with arrows. Here, as already mentioned, the three does not represent the life tree of a single person, but of an entire clan. This is even more clear in a print of the master from the scrolls from around 1470. Here the tree of life is indeed a worldtree, in it sit people carefully placed in a three-level order, itself a representation of a well-ordered world.

At the top we see the priesthood, then beneath that the worldly masters, emperors and kings, lords and counts. Beneath them are the citizens and the peasants. In the late middle ages, we see the age old division of the human world into the three classes known to use from the poems and philosophies of the Indo-Germanic people.

The tree, however, is not being cut down. It is being chewed on by two animals, day and night, and stands in a ship riding over waves, a symbol of eternally flowing time. Death raises his bow and shoots men down from the tree with arrows.

This tree is much more than the tree of life, and it is also much more than a “class tree”, as it has been inaccurately called. It is in truth a worldtree, which perceives all people in a clear order. Not far from this is the thought of the Nordic World Ash-tree in whose branches gods and men live, and of other Indo-Germanic world trees. They provided not only living quarters, but also dispense fortune and blessing. Today, of course, we can only vaguely sense the splendid mythos, which goes back to the primeval depths of our race, way back into the distant past. Its transformations can be clearly followed on the few relics which we have here.

In the late Middle Ages, there was still a trace of the Nordic greatness living on, one still sensed the mythical world view in the portrayal of the holy tree. Simpler, more external, more crude… but still full of meaning are the later portrayals in Sebastian Brant’s book and in the Berner Dance of Death. Then the meaning changes greatly. The vitality recedes. The individual, who is only seldom seen in the lifetree portrayals of the Middle Ages, comes into the foreground, and along with this

individualism come simpler, easier to understand pictures: they become emotional or even sentimental; they awaken compassion, sadness and pity.

Finally, the meaning recedes altogether. The viewer values such portrayals simply as allegories, whose beauty and aesthetic effect he admires. With that the transformation of this old symbol of a worldtree and lifetree come to an end. All that remains for us is to feel our way back into the distant past using existing artifacts, and to feel their greatness.

We as individuals are nothing other than the leaves on a tree. Today they are green. One leaf is larger, another is smaller. Then one withers, and then another. But that does not matter if only the tree remains healthy!

- Adolf Hitler

Courage for the Joy of Life

Whoever walks through the devastated streets of the bombed-out cities, whoever looks and shudders at the ruins of castles and churches, in which the life-feeling of great periods is reflected, whoever looks into the abyss of the hearts whom death has ripped open… he may consider it presumptuous to speak about the joy of life as one of the invincible forces of the human soul. Perhaps the solder has the greatest right to do exactly that: Not only for the sake of comfort, but from the living feeling of the reality from which the joy of life stands in contrast to the incalculable and the darkness, yes, which alone make them bearable. In the weeks of the new year, one could hear the sounds of hustle and bustle of carnival celebrations throughout our beautiful cities. Streets which once were alive with joyous throngs are now covered with the ashes of destroyed houses. Instead of decorations, one sees ruins strutting up over our heads. Men who once drank from the cup of life now lie under the earth or struggle with their grey and now serious faces in the loneliness of the battle for the existence of European culture. Women have fled far away to the

farmyuards and villages. Where does there remain a light, a thought, which can lead us back to the joy of life?

Perhaps we should discuss what the joy of life really is. Whoever seeks it only in external expression will hardly find it in war. Whoever cares only for the somewhat raw materialistic pleasures will be disappointed with the sparse remains… and claim that there is hardly anything worth living for anymore, or to praise this life for or to love. The deeper joy of life, however, is not dependent upon time and fate, not upon needs and bitterness. It is one of those quiet wonders, which God gives to those who are aware of his existence. It cannot be thrown upon us from outside. It lives within our essence and our being; it lives within us. The man who has it is rich even if he goes about in rags and lives in earth caves. Whoever lives in a palace and has all the expensive trappings in life is nonetheless the poorest guest upon this earth, if he does not have this genuine joy in life.

It begins with a simple consciousness of existence. There are men, who after a good night's sleep, look at the new day and complain because they stand before work and tasks. Others arise after a few hours of restless sleep with a hardly understandable feeling of contentment, glad about the reality of their life, and perhaps simply because it gives them breath, sight, feeling, hearing and thinking. The war has shown us in an amazing manner

that our pleasure in the simple things in life can be much deeper and more meaningful than the once so highly praised “pleasures”. And this demonstrates genuine modesty and the capacity for strong feeling. Who could have explained to a soldier that nothing more than a clean bed, a thinly covered table, yes a short nap, a glass of wine, a pretty picture or an attractive girl walking by could fill him with such joy? And when we were home, somewhat bored and standing in front of a full rack of books, looking for a single book for a quiet hour… who could have told us that we would one day be able to forget the world and ourselves, the war, filth, suffering and even death… because a pleasant coincidence in an abandoned house in the east provided us with a badly torn up copy of an Elchendorff book? Who could have made us believe that one day, in a dark bunker, in moist cold and plagued by bugs, we could listen to the melody of Mozart’s “Magic Flute” by a faint light, and that we would fall into a dream of eternal beauty of the world and forget all of the terrors around us?

In such moments, the joy of life lights up around is like lightning… or like the soft light of a summer sunset. Whereas we once went through the well-lit streets of the city looking for pleasure, we now nearly loose our breath while looking at the radiant beauty of the starlit night, which strangely reflects against the moon, and this gives

us an inner feeling of belonging to the universe. No one can be a more passionate disciple for the joy of life than the simple soldier, who is driven through the eternal fire of combat, who has walked through the wall of death and of horror and who is suddenly speechless as he stands before the still of an evening and sees the crops gently caressed by a soft wind. In such moments, he feels in the pounding of his own heart the glorious and wonderful life he has been given. A joy then flows through him, which cannot be compared with any other pleasure of this earth. And so we appear to be rather modest, but only in appearance, because such modesty at the same time is the highest claim we can demand from life.

At this hour, when the fate of the war most heavily tests our hearts, both at home and on the front, it appears to be a hopeless effort to speak about the joy of life. But courage belongs to joy no less than it does to struggle and death. To overcome death means to gain joy. Without that, our souls would have long collapsed under the great burden of their hardships. Without that, the women at home would have long been driven into the darkest, inescapable depression. This joy for life stands as a shining “nevertheless” above our hard-pressed people, against which bombs and phosphor are useless. A piece of childhood lives in it. Complacent bragging and blind

ambition are strange to it. The love for nature and for people, for animals and for flowers, for music and for verse, for pictures and for art in stone and metal are all a part of it. It teaches us that whenever we lose something, we should look upon that which remains. It teaches us to recognize the meaning in every test.

Who would deny the joy that husband and wife find during their vacation days together. Who is able to claim that - during the bountiful days of peace with its everyday pleasures - he was able to so deeply feel the love of his wife, the joy of having children and a piece of security? And even if fate takes from us that which is most dear, the willingness to help again leads us back into the arms of life.

King Olaf's Strange Encounter

by Will Vesper

One day King Olaf Tryggvason and his men sailed south along the coast of Norway in the ship "Long Dragon". When they came to the fjord of Nidaros, the men had to take to the oars, because the wind was too weak to fill the sails. But the king wasn't in a hurry. He was in a good mood and did all kinds of tricks for his men. He fought a mock duel with his banner-carrier, Ulf the Red. First, they fought in the usual manner with the sword in the right hand. Then with the sword in the left hand. And finally with swords in each hand. Each time, the king advanced all the way to the backboard. Those were notable games. After that, King Olaf climbed up on the ship's railing, and walked along it while juggling three unsheathed daggers. Nobody ever saw the king miss or a dagger fall into the sea. The men rowed with more enthusiasm and laughed.

King Olaf sat among his men on the aft deck and talked about this and that. There sat Kolbjoern the Marshal and Thorstein Ochsenfuss, Arn Schaetze from Jaemtland and Bersl the Strong: men from all of Norway, from Iceland and from the islands in the west, a selected team, handsome fellows full of strength and daring. One

saw that. None were over sixty years old, except Bishop Sigurd, and none under twenty, except Einer Bogenschuettler, who was just eighteen, but the best shot in the whole land.

“Now I hold all of Norway in my hand,” said the King, and he reached with his right hand into the sky, as if grabbing something the others could not see. “Because you have received it from God’s hand,” commented Bishop Sigurd in seriousness.

“Yes,” agreed the king, “from God’s hand and not from yours, Bishop. I force all to bow to Christ, peoples of all provinces: Stravanger and Hardanger, Vik and Sogne, Woere and Ramsdalen, the provinces on the sea and in the mountains, and now Helgeland and Upland, too. Those were the hardest to crack.”

“But you also have the sharpest teeth for it,” interjected Sklade Hallfred, the Icelander. “Many have felt them.”

“That may be true,” Olaf replied, “but now Norway is one Reich and (church) bells ring out over the entire Reich.”

“I admit that,” Hallfred agreed. He laughed slightly and added “I also admit that it is hard for me to get accustomed to those bells. And many others feel the same way, even if they don’t say so.”

“You have sensitive ears, being a skjald,” retorted King Olaf.

But Hallfred pointed to his heart and said: “In here, King Olaf, sits one who doesn’t want to hear it. Christ took all too much time before coming to us. All of us learned something else from our mothers.”

King Olaf looked at him a long time. Then he said: “Where the bells ring… is where the Reich and the King’s dominion.”

“Which you received from God,” interjected the Bishop again. “One is master. The one in heaven.”

“And one is King in Norway, Bishop,” retorted Olaf. “One must be master and one must be king, unless the land is to become the booty of foreign kings. Always remember that.”

“There should be only one King in Norway and the islands,” said Hallfred. “And only one should be master in heaven. But I still feel sorry for all of those who had to leave everything,” and he slowly gestured with his hand toward the mountains, then across the sky and finally down toward the sea. All knew what he meant.

Bishop Sigurd looked at him angrily. “Those teeth will still have to bite often and bite many,” he commented, “before these idols and wizards have been forced to leave all of Norway.”

All looked toward Olaf to see his reaction to Hallfred's bold words. But his heart was light and good-natured today, the kind of mood which captivates everybody. Laughing, he bared his teeth and shouted, "Norway, homeland! Hail to him, who has given it to us to rule. We'll hold it tight with our teeth. No one shall rip it away from us for as long as we live."

"Hail King Olaf!" shouted the men. And Hallfred began a poem about this hour:

"Sensing battle-weather,
Southward traveled the king…"

The ship glided close to the coast into the fjord and came upon a rocky cliff, which protruded far out into the water. The birds on the shore bank took to flight. A silver cloud of beating wings rose like dust into the sky. A thousand birds called out.

The pine trees, which stand one after the other up along the side of the mountain, reflected sunlight as they swayed. Light bounced off all the branches. One heard the creeks babbling noisily down the gorges, and the light breathing of the sea.

Suddenly, they all heard the cry of a clear, sharp voice. A man stood on the rocky ledge close to the ship. Everybody looked at him. It was clear he wanted to join them, and was asking permission to do so.

King Olaf signaled the pilot to glide closer to the ledge. The men lifted their oars, and shifted them to the landward side. But before the ship had even gotten all the way there, they saw the stranger standing on the point of the prow, close to the golden dragon's head. He nodded toward the king, who sat high on the aft deck. It looked like he was swaying slightly from his jump, and still trying to catch his balance. Then he walked up among the men in the front of the ship: a farmer from the area, who probably just wanted to travel along with them for a while, as long as they'd tolerate his company on the ship. He wasn't a merchant as they first thought.

He was a very sturdy man in the old-fashioned dress of green farmer-baize (a coarse wollen cloth). Probably a man from deep in the mountains. Around his hip was a wide leather belt with a pretty copper buckle. In one of the belt loops he carried a two-sided hammer, the old farmer weapon: a nicely formed piece of handiwork. But the most noticeable thing about the man was his red beard, which was so thick and long that he divided it and tucked it under his belt left and right.

He sat down on a rope coil and looked at the men, who were sitting or standing around him, one after the other… completely without shyness. Each felt a little nervous from the blue fire of his gaze. It was as if he was looking them over, and had found some fault with each.

“That was no bad jump, which you made onto the ship,” acknowledge Vakr from Goetaelf.

“It wasn’t any greater,” replied the stranger, “than the one you, Vakr, made when you made a Christian out of a friend of Thor. All of you are good jumpers in that regard.”

What the man said wasn’t comforting.

“Don’t you know who you’re traveling with, farmer? Be careful! And where did we make your acquaintance, since you think you know something about us?”

“An old acquaintance,” he answered, “back from your fathers. But forget it. Now I’d like to travel along with you for a stretch.”

“Where do you want to go?”

“Abroad,” the man answered sadly.

“You look capable for a military expedition.”

“I have many of them behind me, but now I want to rest.”

“You don’t look like it,” observed Bersl the Strong. According to his custom - as if it wasn’t worth talking to a man before testing his strength - he reached for the stranger’s hand and tried to tear him off his seat. It was a short and sharp struggle, but then Bersl was laying on the ground, and it was perfectly clear who here was the stronger. Bersl hadn’t experienced that since his early youth. It hit everyone like fire and a drunkenness: each

had to test out the stranger in a contest. But none could match him. The entire ship stared at the devilish fellow. His words also flew, sharp and fearless, and found their mark as unerringly as his movements. Each got his! Finally, he walked along the railing over the oars, which never stopped rowing, and he juggled not just three daggers (as King Olaf had done), but four daggers, with two in the air and one in each hand at all times. It was a fast game, as if the daggers danced over his head like flames. The entire crew stared at this farmer, who played so. He certainly knew his way around more than just oxen.

Finally, King Olaf called to him, and he climbed up the aft deck of the ship, removed his cap and stood in front of the king. One saw that the hair on his head was also red, and how it stood like a fire above his forehead.

“If a stranger like you and farmer comes before Norway’s king, he bows,” instructed Thorgrim Thorsteinson loudly. The farmer turned to him and said, “You also descend from men, Thorgrim, who weren’t accustomed to bend their backs before other men - other than perhaps before the one, after whom they - like you - were named.”

“You are a well-spoken and a talented man,” said King Olaf as he gestured for the others to be silent. “Are you from the area?”

The Red Beard looked at King Olaf a long time. Then he laughed slightly, like one who has worry in his heart. “Yes,” he answered, “you could say I’m from the area.”

“From which province?” asked the King.

Then the man made the same gesture that Hallfred the Skjald had made, when he had spoken of the old gods. He pointed with his hand toward the mountain, then across the sky and finally down toward the sea. In one instant, everyone knew who he was. A wind howled down from the mountain and across the sun like a veil, and the water began to rise. But nobody was able to think about the ship, which suddenly began to dance close to the rocky cliffs. They all stared at the Red Beard, who now stood before their king great and mighty, and saw the holy hammer in his hand. A dull roll of thunder came from the sky, and they all stood like shadows in the the light of brimstone. And then they heard the man’s heavy voice.

“Yes, King Olaf,” he spoke, “I’m from this province, from Helgeland and from Drontheim, from Hardanger and Stavanger, from all of Norway and from the islands, from the mountains and from the valleys, from the clouds and from the sea. And it’s my work that there is such a land that gives you joy and of which you can be king. When I first came here, it was a land of ice under the feet of ettins. But I slew the ettins, who sat on the

mountains. Trees grew and creeks flowed there. I strangled the ettins, who are the enemy of both gods and men. Flowers grew in the meadows and goats climbed the mountain paths. And people came and built huts and plowed the fields. I blessed their crops. They had bread. I blessed the sea for them. They had fish. I blessed their table. Children grew. I and my kind, King Olaf, made this land inhabitable for the children of men. That's why they honored me, men and and women. And this was my folk, for a long time."

Then Bishop Sigurd took heart and showed courage. He lifted the cross from his chest and held it toward the Red Beard. "Give way, you idol!" he demanded.

The man laughed again, soft and bitter. It was like a crying in the wind.

"Yes," he said "and now another comes. My hour has passed according to the will of the All-Ruler. It is hard for my friends. And you, Olaf, persecute and kill them, and fulfill fate. Eventually, it happens to all of us. But I expected it to be different: the wolf that devours us, the snake that strangles us. Along come the *gentle* and overcomes the *powerful*. But no one escapes destiny, and no one knows in advance. The hour will come for the man on the cross, too."

"Give way, idol!" commanded the bishop again as he held the cross close to the Red's eyes.

Then he raised his hammer, and a bolt of lightning struck down along the mast like a golden snake. It was as if he seized it with his hand before it could do any harm. For a third time, one heard the bitter laughter. They never forgot it until death.

They saw how the man threw himself overboard with a mighty leap, and, holding the hammer over his head, sank into the sea and disappeared.

At that moment everything changed. A light south wind blew, filled the sails and pushed the ship in sunshine along the softly rolling waves deeper into the bay. It seemed like they had all awakened from a dream or stupor. King Olaf rubbed both hands across his face. As Bishop Sigurd cleared his throat as if to speak, the king motioned to him to be silent.

In front of them were the houses of Nidaros, ships at the shore, the mighty roof of the king's house and the new cathedral with its pointed summit and wide tower. Evening had come. The sun sank into the sea. The bells rang softly across the water. All stood like the king and bared their heads.

"We pray for all, who know how to die like men," said the King.

In us burns like a flame a rule,

and it must be godly,

because it is eternal and universal,

it is this:

Do your duty!

This rule contains the teachings of all religions.

- Heinrich von Kleist

[TITLE ADDED BY EDITOR]

Castle of the Mountain

[Editor's note: picture of "Castel del Monte" omitted]

The most beautiful and powerful fortresses of the German Imperial period were created under the Hohenstaufen dynasty, especially Friedrich II. They are visible signs of the development and formation of European power. Friedrich II was one of the greatest fortress builders of the Middle ages. He had much influence on the architectural design of his forts. His ingenious constructions, which favored the eight-sided structure, remained an example for other forts and castles even after the struggle of competing nobles eliminated the German Empire as a power factor in Europe. The "Castel del Monte" in Apulia, probably the most beautiful of his castles, with its regular ground-plan and elemental power, is an expression of the Hohenstaufen-Germanic spirit even to this day. Friedrich II created a European style even then, which fertilized all fortress construction in South, West and East, an in which the German form dominated.

[TITLE ADDED BY EDITOR]

Kahlenberg 1683

The Battle of Kahlenberg near Vienna on September 12, 1683 counts as[1] one of those great world events, which changes the face of the earth for centuries. German troops, united with volunteers from the East, from France and from almost all European lands, won a splendid defensive victory against the countless hordes of the Great Sultan, who had here deployed the concentrated power of his Western Asiatic/Balkan empire in order to force open the gate to Central Europe. If Vienna fell into Turkish hands, then Germany and Italy would be exposed to the attack of the Moslem crescent. For nine weeks, Vienna resisted the onslaught of the superior Turkish forces, until in early September the relief army approached and freed the defenders. Prince Eugen was at the head of his dragoons and among the first to cut their way through the Turkish masses right up to the city gates. The daring courage of this 20 year old from Savoy was rewarded with the command of a cavalry regiment, which carried this hero's name right up to the World War.

[1]Picture of the painting omitted; text altered to reflect this. The original opening was: "This contemporary painting depicts the Battle of Kahlenberg near Vienna on September 12, 1683. This battle counts as [...]"

The Blood of Brothers Will Remain the Victor

The anniversary of Dueppel, which in this year celebrates its 80th anniversary, will always serve as a warning sign in the history of Schleswig-Holstein. If the struggles in 1848 through 1851 had not brought freedom, the time had finally come when the people of this dukedom could never again be tied to Denmark.

But the celebration goes far beyond the borders of Schleswig-Holstein, for this test of Prussian power was an important step towards the national unification of Germany. Bismark wanted to give the German people its due position and necessary living space. Prussian power was used. The victory at Dueppel allowed Prussian strength to be used to promote the expansion of German blood and soil. The belief in Prussia increased. A new political period in German history began with this date.

When we think of the lancers of Dueppel, we probably commemorate the victorious day which eventually led to the unification of Germany. For us the words are no longer true, which back then were proclaimed by the General Assembly in Rendsburg in May 8, 1864: “The blood of Dueppel divides us deeper from the Danes than the Belt and Koenigsau.” However, we still remember, even from the Prussian side, how courageous and

honorable the Danish defenders fought. Moltke wrote on April 23, 1864 to his brother Ludwig:

“The enthusiasm of this small people for what they fight for, the endurance and sacrifice with which their army asserted itself in the Dueppel position, are well recognized even by their enemies. The troops withstood the indescribable much more than ours, who had the initiative of the attack in larger numbers, which enabled them to be relieved during these difficult tasks.”

Regarding the chivalry manifested in this struggle between two related peoples, Moltke wrote:

“There are probably no better people than our soldiers. As soon as the last shot is fired, the stretcher bearers carried both the Danish and our wounded into the hospital with all the gentleness of little girls. And all are treated the same in the hospitals. In these hospitals, such as the dominant and luxurious one at the Johanniter order, Danish officers and privates lay in the same rooms as the Prussians. A war has probably never been fought with more humanity than this one.”

This day of visible strengthening of the German side had a different face for the Danes. It was a day of defeat. The struggle had been fought against a greatly superior force. Even if the position, on which one had placed too great a hope, could not be held, so did the Danes

nevertheless make a good accounting for themselves, even in honorable retreat, showing both the courage and loyalty of the Danish soldiers. The battle of the brigade in Scharffenberg for the Dueppel mill put the Prussians “in difficult straits”. Despite the victory and painful losses, the army could return with heads held high.

We have other contemporary witnesses of this chivalrous behavior after the battle: How the Danish soldiers were cared for by German peasants… and on the other side, how the German soldiers were cared for by Danish villagers… for weeks and even months. At that time two equal, culturally high-standing, Germanic tribes faced each other.

So it was nearly obvious that after the World War, Denmark celebrated the unification of the Northern Schleswig with Denmark at Dueppel, where the king was present. Their celebration at the same time meant the bitter separation of Northern Schleswig from the German Reich. But already today, all that is overcome by the belief of a common Germanic future.

The sound of the name of Dueppel awakens in both peoples proud memories. The hateful tones, which are more noticeable on the Danish side, have not completely faded. Karl Larsen has struggled unsuccessfully to eliminate them among the Danes. Among the Germans,

these feelings were replaced by the joy of victory. But the bitterness declined in the passing years. However, the thought of courageous deeds remains unforgotten on both sides. Just as the struggle between the two peoples was fought chivalrously, so was the struggle for ethnic decision also conducted in a chivalrous manner.

The day will come when we, who come from the same Germanic roots and a common homeland, return to this site, for it speaks of chivalrous struggle, of loyalty, and of the steadfastness of Germanic men, who at that time stood opposed to one another, but for whom it would have been much more natural to stand side by side. Today, they still do not, and it must first be learned. And our enemies do everything to alienate us from one another.

As bitter as that is, many have nonetheless learned this already. And we are secure in our firm belief that out of this period of struggle the German Reich will ripen as a late - but that much more worthy - fruit. Our Danish volunteers in the Waffen SS are the first fighters for this bright Germanic future on the Danish side.

What is decisive is, and remains: whether the attitude is good or bad, whether one wants to work on construction or on tearing down and whether one wants to see the common needs and goals.

The European peoples have only one choice if they want to save their existence: to see what they have in common and to stand up for it.

Prince Eugen

The Noble Knight

Thousands of volunteers from many lands were included among the colorful assortment of allies who streamed down to the Donau River in those hot August days in the year 1683 in order to stop the threatened invasion of the Moslem crescent.

Among the many volunteers of the French crown was also prince Eugen of Savoy, who had been born in Paris, but who had turned his back on the land of his birth after many disappointments. The Kaiser, who had fled to Passau, had given him command of a dragoon regiment at whose head he shortly proved his military prowess in splendid fashion.

At the very beginning of his existence, the prince had the good fortune of a meaningful experience: At the liberation battle at Kahlenberg near Vienna on September 12, 1683. This surprising and forceful victory, which was won with the combined strength of all the German lands, liberated the occident not only from the threat of the Turkish invasion, but also provided the possibility of a new formation of all Southeastern Europe along German lines. A gate had been ripped open through which the wind of the new period could blow away the musty

atmosphere of the old life, and awaken the people, who had fallen into a slumber after the Thirty Years War, filling them with new hope. The Savoyan stranger, however, who for the first time stepped upon German soil, would become the bearer of this hope and a most splendid representative of a new period of heroism in German history. Following the lead of the great imperial military leaders, Ludwig von Baden and Karl von Lothringen, the prince participated in the campaign in Hungary which brought the imperial forces as far as Siebenbuergen and before Belgrade. Already in the first battles, Prince Eugen proved his personal courage - in a short period he was badly wounded twice - and he showed an unusual military ability. Nonetheless, it took a long time to receive an independent command. Only after he served a few years in the Italian theatre in a subordinate position against the French, did he finally receive this desired independent command in Hungary in 1697.

The Austrians had suffered a few setbacks in the meantime and the Turks were recuperating after the first great shock. Eugen took over a poorly supplied, demoralized army and had the direct orders not to undertake any more campaigns during that year. However, as soon as the worst problems were eliminated, he made several lightning moves back and forth which

confused the Turks, and won a victory over an army of the Sultan at Zenta in 1697, even though it was twice the size of his own. With that victory, the prince stepped into the forefront of the greatest military leaders of his time. Now the destruction of the Turkish domination of the Donau region was pushed ahead. The rumblings went far into the Balkans as the first imperial patrols reached Bosnia and cut south of Belgrade.

However, at the height of his victories, the Savoyan had to back off the campaign and accustom himself to peace. A great European war over the question of the Spanish succession, which would result in a new distribution of power on the continent, was imminent. Certainly, the empire had gained a lot in the peace, which Eugen had made with the Turks in Carlowitz in 1699: Hungary without Banat, Siebenburgen and the larger part of Slovakia and Croatia.

In the next year, the European war over the crown and control of the Spanish world empire broke out. On one side stood mighty France, which wanted to conquer Spain in order to complete its dominion over Europe; on the other side Austria, the Netherlands, and England, which wanted to follow its old “neutralization politics” against the rise of any dominant power on the continent.

Prince Eugen had to leave the theatre of his victories and concepts on the Donau in order to take over the

defense of the Empire in the West. More and more he grew into the overall role of an imperial military leader, who took over both the strategic and the diplomatic planning. None of the natives were better able than he to understand the complicated problems of politics and to overcome the thousand-fold necessities of the highly divided political scene. One of the greatest statesmen that our people ever had was able to comprehend the overall European world on the one hand, and on the other hand to understand the smallest details and needs of the various territories, whether in the Alps or in the outlets of German rivers in the North. It is no coincidence that this man, who was foreign-born, became one of the most German of the great people in our history, and lives on in the people's memory in both song and saga.

Even though he spent many years on the soil of Italy, Flanders and Southern Germany fighting against the French enemy and defending the Reich from the attacks of Bourbon imperialism, Prince Eugen never for one moment forgot the principles of his politics; namely that the Kaiser would always be on the defensive in the west, because the future of the Reich lay in the East. As the head of the "German party" at court, he did what he could to prevent Karl VI from getting tangled up in Spanish and Italian lands instead of completing the work in the Southeast that had already begun. Between his

victories over the hated French in the years 1700 through 1709 at Hoechstaedt and Turin, at Oudenarde and Malplaquet, the prince again and again rushed to Vienna in order to warn against over-ambitious plans of conquest, so that he could look over the final pacification of the Southeast and the great task in that area, which remained to be fulfilled.

After 12 years of bloody struggle, the first Spanish succession drew to a close. England, which had sufficiently weakened to Sun Kin, began to fear the rise of German influence and called upon the Count of Marlburg, ally and friend of Eugen, to withdraw from the European theatre. It went so far that the English army left the Savoyan in the lurch and betrayed him in the very presence of the enemy. Disgust and rage overcame the prince, who's habitually good mood was even recognized by his enemies, and he prophetically warned the English general that he was going to lose himself and all of Europe with such tricks.

After the conclusion of peace with France in 1714 in Rastatt and Baden, Prince Eugen, who meanwhile had been promoted to Reich Field Marshal, was again free to execute his large-scale plans in the Southeast. The Sayovan surpassed all his previous victories during the war with the Turks in 1716 through 1718. It was a masterpiece of military and political leadership and

counts among the most radiant chapters of German and European history. In aggressive attacks, the invading Turks were caught and destroyed at Peterwardein. But the masterpiece of his military genius was shown in the double battle by Belgrade in 1717, where, between a besieged fortress and a superior Turkish force, he attacked and annihilated first the advancing army, and then conquered Belgrade which had laid in his rear.

Shortly before the peace conference in Passarowitz in 1718, the proud fruits of which were the results of his unforgettable campaign, a moving song was written in the military camp in front of Belgrade. It does a better job than a thousand speeches of praise when it comes to describing the feeling of belonging that existed between the conqueror of the Turks and his own people.

In its own immortal way, it is an expression of a close unity and simplicity of feeling: the German song of Prince Eugenius, the noble knight. It is heard ever since, and cannot be silenced, both around the city and fortress of Belgrade and everywhere under the wide sky of the southeastern plain into which the Nibelungen river goes its way.

The conquest of the Donau area - which was fought with the blood of all German tribes, has created the prerequisite for the primary objective of the statesman Prince Eugen: the colonization and cultural integration of

this territory. At the peace of Passarowitz, the Banat, the small Wallachia and Serbia were annexed onto Austria and hence nearly the entire course of the Donau river basin was won for the Reich. In an astonishingly short period, the once desolate cities bloomed again. The once wasted land again brought forth fruit. The once clogged rivers again flowed along well-ordered river beds and the numerous swamps were drained. The bringers of Western civilization in this area, the carriers for a better order, and the creators of a new prosperity, were the German settlers, whom the prince brought in by the tens of thousands to colonize the once devastated land along the Donau. If, however, this colonization work was again and again brought to a standstill, and instead of a continuous colonization along the Donau such as the prince had planned, the colonizing Germans remained broken up into small isolated groups… that was the fault of the aimless dynastic ambition of the Habsburgs, which divided and wasted its energy at all corners of its realm.

And in the final days of the life of Prince Eugen, after his great victories in the Turkish wars, dark signs did appear. The end of the life of this special man, like the beginning, was surrounded by tragedy. However, the tragedy did not lie in his personal life, but in the gnawing concern about the fate of his work. It seemed to become clear to the prince in his final years that his primary

principles and the incorrigible politics of the Habsburgs would never be reconciled, and that his work would finally fall, because of this contradiction. And many things suggested that the Savoyan had already suspected the beginning shadows of the decline of the so rapidly established rein of the Donau monarchy.

But the suffering and despair, which certainly must have touched this genius during his struggle for his creation, and the deep insights, which enabled him to perceive the fate of his work, were not revealed to others. That is how he was: A harmonious man of irresistible goodwill and straightforward clarity, but still a puzzle to his contemporaries and to posterity. He did not leave behind a testament or even a single personal word, which inquisitive biographers could use to solve the puzzle of his personality.

He only showed himself in the deed. And we may modestly satisfy ourselves with the words with which the equally great spirit of his epoch, Frederick the Great, paid in tribute to the honored prince:

"...He ruled not only the Austrian territories, but also the Reich. In fact, *he* was the Kaiser…"

The King's Judgment

King Heinrich sat, surrounded by his imperial judges, at the old tribunal near the market town of Rottweil. The populace formed a half-circle around them.

Several bishops were also there, because it was the first time the king would administer the court without his legal advisors.

A freeman had charged a monk with raping his daughter.

Twelve witnesses stood at the side of the free peasant. And twelve witnesses - fellow monks - stood at the side of the accused.

The king had heard bad things about the goings-on at the abbey. The king could see from the judge's bench that the populace sided with the peasant, and that only their respect for him prevented them from hurling insults at the monks.

The peasant stood holding his daughter's hand and demanded justice.

Across from him stood the monks, crying out that the girl was a harlot. A growl rose from the crowd of common people. The accused came from a prominent family. His relatives had tried everything to silence the

freeman - they had threatened him with fire and sword if he did not retract his charge. But the courageous man remained steadfast, looked the king in the face and demanded justice.

The monk, however, lowered his gaze whenever the king looked into his eyes.

The kin asked the girl to come forward. When she overcame her shyness, King Heinrich looked into her eyes and knew she was telling the truth:

The monk had heard her confession, the girl said, and then ordered her to go to the cemetery and say twelve prayers at her mother's grave site. From there he forced her into a cell and forced himself upon her. She cried out and resisted, but nobody in the abbey raised a hand to help her. The next morning, the abbot had her taken to him. He suggested she remain in the abbey as a maid.

The father, however, went to the abbey with a group of armed men, and she was released.

Then the abbot approached and swore by all that is holy that the girl was lying. God would help truth prevail, and God should pass the verdict. The accused brother was ready to undergo trial by fire.

The young king indignantly remarked, "How long will people still believe in such magic?"

Everyone who heard these words was horrified, and the bishops fearfully retreated from the king.

King Heinrich saw that he had gone too far, so he said, “If you believe God will do a miracle, then let me see it.”

The twelve monks brought iron plates, which they had ready, before the throne.

They came in pairs, each holding a single plate, with eyes towards heaven in prayer.

A monk brought a wooden fire-grate and laid it down in front of the king’s throne.

They prayed for God to help truth prevail and to save their innocent brother from the claws of the devil.

The attentive populace became anxious, because King Heinrich’s careless words had made them terribly nervous.

The brothers came again, and each carried a large log, praying with eyes toward heaven. And they stacked up the wood and made a large fire which blazed high.

King Heinrich, however, sat motionless on his throne and acted as if he didn’t hear the unpleasant whisperings of the bishops and the excited murmuring of the people.

The monks put the iron plates into the fire, and the abbot called upon Almighty God as witness that the brother was innocent *and* that everything one said about the abbey was untrue.

He figured he’d kill two birds with one stone and hence avert the danger he feared was threatening his abbey.

King Heinrich's eyes flashed, because he saw through the abbot's plan.

The pastor prayed louder and louder and testified before God for the innocence of his abbey-brother. He asked the Almighty Judge to prove in front of all present that the accuser and his daughter were liars, and that the daughter, especially, deserved to be burned at the stake, because she had falsely accused the pious brother.

King Heinrich called out: "Do you want to draw the king's judgment down on yourself, pastor? God made the king judge, and not the abbot of Rottweil!" Meanwhile, the iron plates were red hot, and two monks blew into the coals with a pair of bellows so everyone could see it was real.

Others brought a stool. They set the accused monk on it, and put his feet into a tin pan - full to the brim. The abbot said with a loud voice that it was necessary for the monk to appear before his godly judge with clean feet.

King Heinrich noticed, however, that the fluid in the pan had a blueish cast.

After they washed the monk's feet - without having dried them - he stood up and raised both hands in prayer.

The monks used long tongs to grasp the glowing plates and set them down on the wooden fire-grill, which was just one step away from the coals. They were so hot that the grill burned and smoked.

The abbot took the brother by the hand and led him to the glowing plates.

“Now testify, eternal God,” he shouted, “that our brother is not guilty!”

And the accused walked over the glowing plates as if they were cool stones.

The populace cried out! And the girl screamed the loudest. The freeman pulled up his daughter, who had fallen to the ground, and screamed that she was a harlot!

The monks sneared and roared that she deserved death. And the populace fell silent and did not know what to believe.

King Heinrich shrugged without turning a hair and simply looked silently at the girl, who had thrown herself at his feet.

Then he called out with a loud voice, “Let’s see if God remains by his verdict!”

“You sacrilege, King Heinrich!”, cried the bishops, and the populace was horrified by the king and some of the women cried out. The king ordered:

“Make the iron plates hot again!”

No one moved.

Then a few of the young knights, who always surrounded the king, stepped forward, seized the plates with the tongs, threw them back into the coals, put more

wood onto the fire, and blew into the fire with the bellows.

The monks, however, yammered and complained that this was a sacrilege against eternal God.

Only the abbot realized what the king wanted to do, and he turned pale from fright.

“Do you not feel well, abbot?”, the king asked him.

He didn’t answer.

The bishops urged King Heinrich to cease his sacrilege.

“Lift up your skirt!”, the king told the girl.

The young knights used the tongs to put the iron plates, which were even hotter than before, onto the wooden fire-grill. They were so hot that the wood burst into blue flame.

Two monks hurried up and wanted to lead the girl, but the king ordered with a loud voice, “Stop! That is not your task!”

He stepped down from his throne, took the girl by the hand and said, “If it was necessary for the monk to come before his God with clean feet, then it is no less necessary for the girl to do so, too!”

He told the girl to sit down on the stool, and he personally put her feet into the tin pan.

He saw that the contents were a thick fluid and transparent like clear crystal.

But the others who looked on trembled with agitation and didn't know what they should say.

Then the king told the shaking girl to stand up, and he himself led her to the glowing iron.

And as she fearfully hesitated a moment before stepping onto the first place, he said kindly, "I know that you are without guilt, so do not worry!"

The girl took courage and she walked across the glowing plates as if they were cool stones. And afterward her feet did not show even the slightest blister.

The populace cried out. And the monks did, too.

But they knew why!

The peasant drew his daughter onto his breast and held her so firmly that she almost suffocated.

The bishops were amazed and couldn't make heads or tails out of it. A few of the monks tried to break through the crowd to get away. The king commanded with a loud voice, "Seize them!"

A few stout fellows grabbed the monks and brought them back before the king's throne, who called upon a few knights to guard them. Then he ordered, "Make the irons hot again!"

Everyone was motionless with surprise, and nobody knew what the king was aiming at.

The bishops no longer said a word. The young knights made the plates hot for the third time. And Heinrich had

a new pan brought with fresh water in it. Then he said with a loud voice, “Now God should tell us whether the abbot has been telling us the complete truth. And an abbot should wash his feet with holy water, so that he is pure when he goes before God’s throne.”

The abbot screamed with terror, refused and resisted with hand and foot. But they forced him onto the stool, and one of the bishops washed his feet with fresh holy water.

Even though he struck out with hands and feet, he was forcibly led to the glowing irons, and as his foot touched the first one, a stinking smoke arose, and the wind carried the foul smell of burning flesh through the crowd. The abbot screamed and sank to the ground. Then the monks threw themselves at the king’s feet and confessed their guilt. And the king pronounced the girl innocent.

He had the abbot and the monks driven from the abbey.

The shocked populace, however, knelt and prayed.

And even though the bishops and later many others beseeched him to clarify the matter, the king remained silent.

The news of the judgment, however, flew across the entire Reich, arousing terror and wonderment.

God manifests himself not in supernatural miracles, but in the holy order of nature.

The Eternal Things Are There, Where We Serve Them

This short excerpt from Otto Gmelin's novel, "The Face of the Kaiser", takes us back to the year 1243 and pages through a chapter of world history filled with the bitter struggle between the German Kaisers and the ambitions of temporal power of the Popes. Friedrich II von Hohenstaufen, the most important Kaiser of the occident, German King and Ruler of Sicily and Jerusalem at the same time, further expanded the power of the occident to its final and greatest glory. He was the most comprehensive spirit of his epoch and carried as herald of the Reich-idea the embodiment of a century. The Popes during his reign mistrusted him, but were strangely moved by his shining sovereignty. In 1239 he was excommunicated for the second time. Then it was 1243. Pope Gregor IX had passed on. Shortly before the election of the new Pope, Cardinal Flesco, the later Innocence IV, appeared before the Kaiser in Grosseto, and the following fateful conversation took place:

The Cardinal Flesco was received by dignitaries and led into the second room - wide, carpeted and colorfully painted - in which the Kaiser sat on his exquisite throne.

Petrus von Vinea, the justiciary, stood to he front left of him. After introductory words and greetings, the Kaiser asked why the Cardinal had come. He had heard it was not an official visit on behalf of the papal council. The Cardinal appeared to reflect, started to smile and said that, as the Kaiser knew, the council stood before the election of a new Pope; before the elections would begin, it would be important to ascertain the position of the Kaiser to some questions. That is why he had come. Then the Cardinal reminded the Kaiser of previous negotiations, and stressed that he, as Vice Chancellor of Gregor, gladly took this difficult assignment, because he saw the salvation of the world in the unity of spiritual and worldly power. He was content to determine that His Majesty the Kaiser followed the same goal; His Majesty's well-known power of persuasion had moved him so deeply, that the papal court and the Holy Father practically viewed him as the Kaiser's advocate. It was known that his position hadn't been easy, and that in order to serve peace, he had often sided with the Kaiser and perhaps too heatedly defended the Kaiser's proposals. But he did this out of the conviction that His Majesty wanted the good, and didn't want to infringe upon the

legitimate rights of the Holy Church. Perhaps a personal respect for His Majesty also lay behind this, by whom he had often had the honor of being guest and friend. He remembered all this now as the election of the representative of Christ was at hand. He knew what kind of influence he had with the Cardinals of the college. That's why he had come to himself ask His Majesty, how he envisioned the formation of future relations to the Papal throne. Whatever His Majesty now expressed would be held in confidence between them; he promised no man would hear anything from him about the discussions or about his Majesty's statements. For he hoped to serve peace.

The Kaiser was silent. He let a few moments pass before he answered: He appreciated the inquiry. He treasured the Cardinal as a mediator who had always shown understanding for his standpoint and whose clear spirit he recognized. He thus answered gladly and without reservation: Removal of the excommunication is the first requirement for peace.

The Cardinal smiled and nodded: It didn't come down to these things, to conditions. One would come to an agreement on that. Perhaps it would be possible to so steer the Cardinal's choice - with God's help! - that His Majesty and the Holy Church would both be served. It was a matter of basics. One couldn't fail to see that one

stood before a significant crossroads. Much would depend upon the decisions. The Church itself was endangered, and the Faith much shaken.

The Kaiser appeared to prick up his eyes. His eyes looked directly at the Cardinal. He emphasized that he had signed the heresy laws of the papal court, and had often acted accordingly. He himself had first given heresy laws to the Reich.

The Cardinal's eyes lit up: These were matters of state. Deep insights and what a sovereign says in front of the people are two different things. Even God was deeper than appeared to the foolishness of people. It was known that the Kaiser's reason went farther, that he had studied the writings of the ancients. Even non-believers stood close to him. The Church, and not without reason, accused his Majesty of heretical attitudes. He wasn't here on behalf of the Church. But it was known that His Majesty's actions didn't lack evidence from which to conclude that he was not bound by the Faith.

The Kaiser intently listened to the Cardinal's words in all seriousness.

When he stopped, he replied:

"My actions stem from my imperial office. Where they are imperfect, it is because I have not been completely successful in serving this office. However, only this office is the foundation."

The Cardinal nodded. Certainly he understood the imperial position. But precisely this was the issue: Two forces cannot become a unity. Reason was a support for a person, but this same reason is followed by doubt. Nothing was protected against doubt. God himself gave it with reason. It could even encroach on the sovereign office, which could otherwise only shake the Holy Church's pillars.

The Kaiser raised his eyes: The office lies in the heart, just like other certainties. Doubt could indeed come, but it could only alter the form of the eternal things, not destroy them.

Fiesco was silent and looked into the face of the Kaiser. It was free and almost shining from the light of a thought. Carefully, slowly, Fiesco said: "Whoever once recognized the uncertainty of human matters from reason, would fall devotedly at the feet of the mercy, which the Church offered him, or he would plunge into the ocean of nothingness…"

It was still for a moment. Petrus von Vinea looked almost tremblingly at the Kaiser. The Cardinal stood up watchfully with small eyes.

Suddenly, the Kaiser rose. With a small gesture of his hand, he triumphantly said:

"Cardinal Sir, no man can live without faith. The eternal things are there, where we serve them. Look at

this world, doesn't it have order in all things? We want to try to increase this order. That's why the Kaiser has his office. That is God's will."

A solemn silence set in. The Kaiser walked back and forth across the room, stood a few steps in front of the Cardinal, and said:

"I base myself upon myself and upon God in myself. I can't be anything other than what I am. I must obey the all-mighty command. God selected my person to rule over the Reich. My spirit must watch and protect, to order and to build. My person is my office and my office is my person."

Again there was silence. The Kaiser's words echoed in their hearts. Unbending strength and an unforced natural nobility rang from their tone. They *felt* it like a certainty, but they didn't *know* it. Fiesco and Petrus stood with lowered heads and did not dare to look up.

The Cardinal's head sank between his shoulders, which pulled together, and his back bent. Almost without meaning to he twice gasped, "But from where? But from where?"

His Majesty stood free. A light, a reflection from the sunny day outside glowed upon his red locks. His eye was penetrating but clear.

"Why do you ask again and again? Don't you know, don't you feel it? How can you live and do your work?

Woe to him who loses it, if faith does not arise from behind the doubt. He will pass and be nothing even before he dies."

Petrus cast a shy glimpse. Confusion reigned desperately within him. Fiesco didn't catch the monarch's look. He fell, fell the fall of the damned, endless, under him only abyss. Petrus saw him like a vanquished person, someone falling, his face pale, his mouth distorted by pain and mockery. But he seemed as if he were carried along. Suddenly, Fiesco looked up and met the justiciary's gaze. It was like an understanding, an alliance of the creature against the incomprehensible. But then it roared over them again that they were terribly alone.

"So that time will be filled, God has given me my office."

The silence arched over the three men. Time rushed over them like thunder. Fate stood before them.

The Cardinal composed himself first. As if none of this meant anything, he spoke of politics, began with the peace conditions of the Kaiser. The conversation continued, got to the point, and didn't produce anything new. The Kaiser and Petrus again set down what they demanded, how they perceived peace, what they offered. Fiesco was often confused, and frequently asked the same thing twice. An hour later, he was again on his

horse. His brain seemed to boil, his heart fevered, the world around him was a mixed up dream.

The Kaiser looked at Petrus:

“What did he want?”

Petrus tried to return the Kaiser’s smile:

“To test Your Majesty. I’m afraid he’ll become the enemy of Your Majesty.”

The Kaiser nodded:

“Small men can’t stand the light, they decay in it.”

As if wanting to excuse the Cardinal, Petrus said:

“He was trying…”

But the Kaiser interrupted:

“Why with me? Why with others? I must remain ready.”

The Kaiser left.

Petrus stood alone, set himself down on a stool, put his head in his hands, and mumbled again and again, “Small men…”

The most valuable thing in men's lives are the still, holy hours. They are the wellspring of all healthy, strong, crystal-clear thoughts, words and deeds. From these great depths spring forth the creative, the good, the noble.

- Goethe

Pomerania

The Land on the Sea

The word “Pomerania” comes from the phrase “po marju”, which means “on the sea”. Hundreds of thousands of Germans from all of the provinces of the Reich have spent peaceful summer hours on the light gold beaches of Pomerania, looking at the tumbling waves of the Baltic Sea, and drawing strength, health and physical beauty from them. Pomerania has become the land on the sea, even if they do not know about the origin of its name. Pomerania’s guests from the inland are astonished by Germany’s only massive, white chalk cliffs. They look down from their rooms into the endless expanse of the sea, engulfed by the surf, but they also see the surf breaking up into the trees along the glorious birch forest of Stubnitz, which in the spring ignites millions of tiny blossoms. They also wander in deep solitude along the steep cliffs or along the wide beach bend from Usedom and Wollin with thick shrubs: they slumber surrounded by seagulls, between fishing boats and on the dunes, and they are always surrounded by splendor, peace and pleasantness. The Pomeranian summer landscape is joyous and laughingly beautiful, distinguished on the sea by Pomerania’s radiant colors,

white and blue: White like the bright chalk cliffs and the dunes, deep blue like the sea and the sky with the heavy white clouds on the horizon.

Pomerania is also beautiful along the lagoons with their many fish and with the flower-covered patch of land. East Pomerania is also beautiful beyond the massive dunes in the area of the Baltic inland. There are steep, stoney mountains with interchange with deep gullies, green patches, dark moors and abundant foliage and forest. Glass clear marine lakes are scattered all over, true bird paradises for the Nordic bird-world of wild duck and wild swan, heron and waterhen. Mother-of-pearl butterfly and gold finch hover above aquatic flowers and swamp thorns. At night, the cry of the great seagull-owl rings out in the splendid forest, a cry that is so seldom heard. And Pomerania's forest, where once long ago bears and ancient European bison, lynx and wildcats roamed, tehre again today on the peninsular of Darss-Zignst, not far from Herman Goering's country house, are the American Bison.

The last ice age created Pomerania's topography. It created the great Baltic Moraine, the Baltic Hinterland and in Eastern Pomerania, the Round Moraine. This topography gave Pomerania the splendor and pleasantness in which we today feel the lifeline of the border-people and in the border-province on the sea. The diversity of the Pomeranian land always returns with

emphasis on the endless expanding plain. In the sparse mixed oak forest once lived the Nordic people who worked the soil with stone axes and plow. The colossal mounds come from the later stone age, the graves of those peasants' relatives. At the end of the bronze age, all of Pomerania is a dramatic land. At every landmark we still, to this day, find the remains of settlements. From this time comes the oldest swastika discovery in Pomerania. From the moors of Sophlenhof one recovered the splendid bronze vase with the four swirls on a flaming sun disc. The prehistory of important Germanic tribes goes back to Pomerania. Slavs filtered in, but in the 12th century German settlers returned in large masses. They built the Lower Saxon house, the four-sided courtyard, the Warkish loft-house, and in Pyritzer Welzacker, a true goldmine of the landscape, they built the "Vorlauben House". And in each type of architecture, the old Pomeranian peasant-house appeared artistic and reassuring. Pomerania is peasant land, and as such an integral landscape of the Reich. Its fertile fields lie like dark seas under the wide sky, broken by the lines of the fields' furrows. No wonder that a contemplative, lonely, strong and stubborn creative type developed here, persevering in all that it attempts, taciturn and closed together against strangers.

It is true of the crude Pomeranians, about whom one tells so many stories in the Reich? There must be some

truth in it, for even the historian of the Middle Ages, Thomas Kontzow, reported about the people of Pomerania:

"they are much more polite and pious if they spend some time by the Slavs, but nonetheless, they still have - both from the Slavs and from the strict heavens under which they live - a lot of roughness in them."

Also well known is the word of Frederick the Great, who said that if the world was to come to an end, he would go to Pomerania because it would take 20 years later there... But we cannot deny that statesmen from Frederick Wilhelm I to Frederick Wilhelm III took the cooperation of the Pomeranians very seriously in affairs of state, in which they offered so many valuable political forces. Frederick the Great, whose father Frederick Wilhelm I was already very fond of the Pomeranians because of their exceptional reliability, found this praise to say for them:

"The Pomeranians have a straightforward, naive spirit; Pomerania is the once province of all which brings forth the forces both for war and for the other government branches; only for diplomacy do I prefer not to use them, because one often has to use deceit against deceit."

And it sounded downright tender, when in 1780 he told the Pomeranian delegation asking for help:

"I am very happy to help you Pomeranians, because I love Pomeranians like my brothers. One cannot love

them more than I love them, because they are good people, who have always stood by my side to defend the fatherland, both on the battlefield as well as on the home-front. They have stood by me with their possessions and their blood. I cannot be a human being or have a human heart if I were not to show them my thankfulness now."

The Pomeranians suffered very heavy casualties in the Silesian wars. Sixty Pomeranian army commanders fought and bled for their king, and the simple soldier did wonders. The courageous Pomeranian, and above all the Pomeranian grenadier, was proverbial. The ancient General Field Marshal von Schwerin stood with the flag in his hand before Prague with his regiment, leading it with the elan of a youngster until he fell. When General von Winterfelt fell, Frederick the Great lost "the most magnificent figure in the Prussian army."

The military and strategic talent, yes, the geniuses from Pomerania are numerous: General Field Marshal from Wrangel, Albrecht Graf von Roon, General Georg von der Warwitz and General Baseler were Pomeranians. Kristian von Kleist, who found a hero's death at Kunersdorf was a soldier and a poet. Many great administrators and organizers came from Pomerania; among them the General Postmaster Stephan, who is known even today. A particular and exceptional figure was Ernst Woritz Arndt, one of the great leaders of the

popular uprising in the wars of liberation: poet, researcher a politician. One honors the forerunner of modern flight in Anklamer Lillenthaler. The great doctors Virchow, Billroth and Schleich created the cornerstones of modern medicine. The face of the Pomeranian landscape, felt with Northern German rigour, are reflected in the warmth of its contemplative people, and are mirrored in the art of those great painters of the German Romantic Period, Phillip Otto Runge and Caspar David Friedrich, who were both Pomeranians.

The border territory on the ocean was from the very beginning the theatre of many battles. During the Middle Ages, the Thirty Years War devastated it to the point of non-recognition and tore apart its political unity. However, the Pomeranians completely rebuilt. The Middle Ages were also a great period for Pomeranian architecture, to which we owe the massive, Gothic cathedrals in Stettin, Stargard, Stralsund, Greifswald and Kolberg. Even many completely unknown little towns have remains of ancient gates and wall. These four-sided heavy stone buildings consist of a round shaft rising up from a lower structure, reflecting the valiant Pomeranian. Only in the course of centuries did Pomerania again achieve unity, after having been dismembered by the Westphalia Treaty. Part of Pomerania along with Ruegen were not reunified until the Vienna Congress of 1813. Many later developments are explained by that period.

The World War, which made it a front territory across from Poland, again limited or retarded its progress. But precisely in the difficult years of disorganization and hopelessness, the Pomeranian stubbornly and unflinchingly did his duty. The new period with its powerful impulses found the Pomeranians, those stubborn, impatient people of enduring strength, prepared in their spirit. Their dislike for false glimmer and their strength and belief easily struck roots in these great times: they were happy to be allowed to work and achieve. And on all the battlefields of all times, the Pomeranian soldier has been the honor of a soldierly people.

One thing is important today:
The Fatherland.
And the flame of sacrifice
throws each man to his own.
- Hoelderlin